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Chicago

NOVEMBER 1954

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Contributors

On August 21 **Glen Burlingame** swam from Cape Gris Nez, France, to Dover, England, in 14 hours and ten minutes. Before that success, the 28-year-old Chicago artist had built up his bank account, his stamina and his spirit again and again to make four other tries. He tells his dramatic story in **My three-year fight with the English Channel.**

The **Mahalia Jackson** story is told by **Studs Terkel,** who has departed in this issue from his usual role as television critic. Studs is a Chicago archtype who has made himself known chiefly by his pioneering courage in the media of night club entertainment, radio and television.

Alan Whitney is an associate editor of CHICAGO, and accumulated the background from which he wrote **Ward Meeting** while he was political editor of the Lerner North Side newspapers.

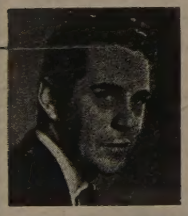
The meditation upon alligator gar and individualism, **The Trespasser,** is one of the first few published short stories of **Curt Johnson,** who writes encyclopedia biographies for a living.

Bergen Evans, nonconforming English professor at Northwestern university and a television figure of some note, is the author of **The Spoor of Spooks,** to be published this month by Alfred A. Knopf; the section published here is a sampling from several chapters.

In This Salon Smart Hair Cutting Is a Fine Art

Notes from Mr. Denney

BECAUSE we feel a good basic haircut is so very important (especially to the working woman who takes care of her own hair) our staff is personally trained in the art of fine haircutting.



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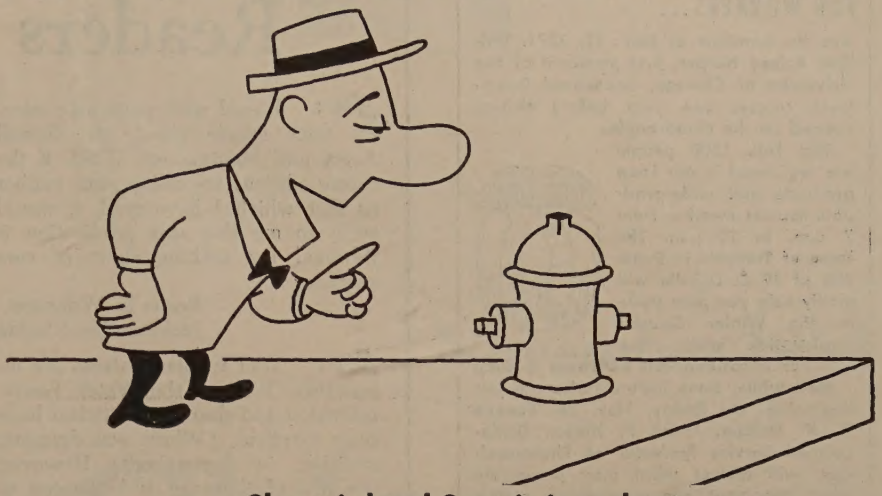

Shortsighted Sam is in a daze
The whole world seems a misty haze
To an eye physician he'd better go
Then bring his prescription to . . . . . .

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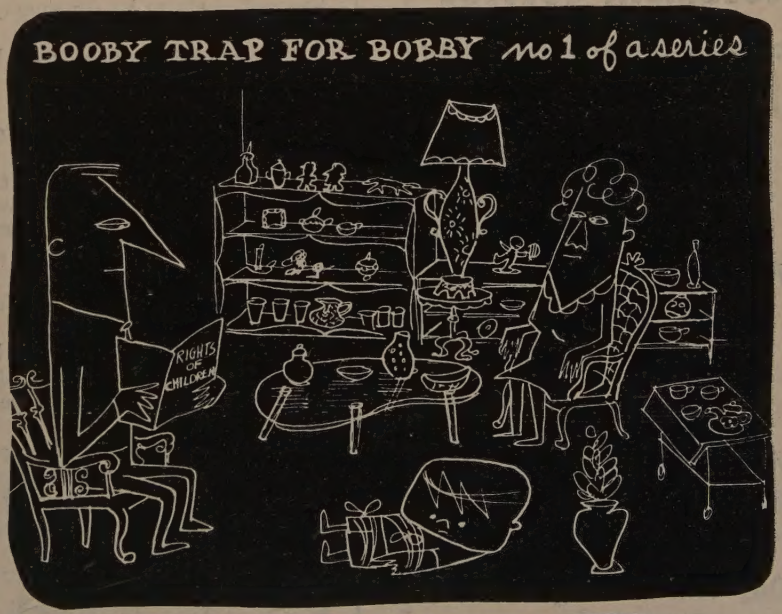

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HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WORKERS...

was the headline of Nov. 12, 1891. **William Rainey Harper**, first president of **The University of Chicago**, announced Downtown courses one year before classes opened on the Quadrangles.

This Fall, 1700 people are registered in our Loop graduate and undergraduate courses meeting from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. **The Dean of Students** in Room 800 at 19 S. LaSalle will gladly help you plan study in the Winter Quarter (registration starts Dec. 15.) For a catalog call DEarborn 2-7245.

Meanwhile, some lecture series are just beginning. On Friday, Nov. 26, **Eugene M. K. Geiling**, Frank P. Hixson Distinguished Service Professor of Pharmacology, will discuss what may prove the most important consequence of atomic science — its impact on biochemical research. (Monthly; 5 Distinguished Service Professors: $5.)

People talk about the renascence of poetry in the Midwest. Beginning with **John Logan** and **Paul Carroll** on Friday, Nov. 12, **The Poet Speaks** presents brilliant younger poets reading their own work. (Monthly; 16 poets: $7.) Tickets by mail, or come in and talk over the 200 Loop lectures scheduled this year.

If you can't attend classes in the Loop, you should know **The University of Chicago Home Study** program of 159 courses for adults. A card to Box T, Home Study Department, 1375 E. 60th, Chicago 37, will bring full information.

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Readers & writers

Sir: I read with particular interest your article about Mr. Sewell Avery and Montgomery Ward. If the future editions are of the same caliber as that which I have read, it would seem to me that this publication is destined for nothing short of sure success.

LOUIS E. WOLFSON,
Jacksonville, Florida

Sir: Your regular features are interesting. West of the Water Tower, television and dramatic criticism have been excellent. (Where was dramatic criticism in September?) However, the rest of the mag is beginning to seem very hodge-podge. I don't find any particular point of view or style or excitement in reading most of the articles, stories, etc.

JEAN R. MILLER

Sir: I would like a word with the music department. Let's get off the long hair kick, boys; how about an article on Chicago's traditional music, jazz!

THOMAS A. PLEDGE

Sir: The magazine has passed from childhood to that wonderful stage of adolescence where it becomes completely evident that once a certain gawkiness and uncertainty of self have been overcome we shall behold an adult who is a joy to all who know him and credit to his community and his parents.

This is the issue [September] that really captures the feeling and spirit of the wonderful city we live in. From the forerunners of Lake Meadows to Mr. Cowley's discussion of the bookstore situation, from Maxwell street to Division street, from Sewell Avery to Rose Dunn, this is it. It's not just your Chicago or my Chicago, it's everybody's Chicago, the real city that's been waiting for someone to show it to the world.

The fiction is better — much better — but I still wonder whether it belongs, whether it's in any sense Chicago.

Thanks for a style that is expressive of the city, direct and unostentatious. Above all, thanks for helping turn Chicago's creative potential into an actuality.

LAURENCE A. KAUFMAN

Sir: I have read the Sewell Avery story [September] and found it extremely interesting. I am having our editors file it as part of our permanent record of Montgomery Ward. I shall be very much interested in hearing of the progress of the magazine, which I am sure has a great future ahead of it.

R. D. CRAIN JR.
Publisher,
Advertising Age

Sir: Re "The World of Montgomery Ward Thorne." After visiting all the "spirit joints," no wonder your writer put Ballantine's restaurant north of State. How about to make it north of Division?

CHRIS GRENTZEBACH

Sir: I was very well pleased with every article and editorial until I read "Dance of Triumph" [September]. It has changed my entire view of the magazine. This last story (?) just didn't reach the par of the rest of the magazine. I am not alone on this view, as a number of my friends have expressed the same feeling of disgust after reading it.

MARILYN MASURA

Sir: The June issue of CHICAGO with the article on the 37 mayors of Chicago sold me my subscription. Let's have this sort of thing rather than "The Well Furnished Lair." [August] What happened to "Season to Taste" in the September issue? I've seen comments on this and I do believe it is something that tells more about Chicago. Maybe you need fiction for space fillers, but it seems to me there is so much to write about Chicago, past and present, that this shouldn't be necessary.

BERTHA BAUER

Sir: Congratulations on a farsighted and candid article in August CHICAGO, "Mr. Peepers vs. Mickey Spillane." Keep up this stuff, and your magazine will be a classic.

MRS. E. W. SMITH

Sir: The little gem ["Work is the curse of the drinking class"] in August's West of the Water Tower brings from the depths a similar profundity that might amuse you or your readers.

In that black, busy chasm where now the Jackson boulevard bridge crosses the I.C. railroad tracks, in pre-World War I days was a switch shanty where the crews readied for stints of 12 hours or more of car juggling.

Trimming the wick and polishing the globe of the lantern that was to be his companion and voice all night, the hard-bitten, deadpan boomer listened to the chitchat of the home guards about life, bills, financial and family derelictions of their co-workers.

Then, in the quiet monotone they affected, he offered, "Yeah, I remember a fella I broke for up on the Mesabe. Used to go out and fritter his paycheck on shoes for the kids when he didn't have a drop of bourbon in the house."

CHARLES A. WALTON JR.
Santa Monica, California

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November 1954

Chicago

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COVER

The ward masters of the 45th, Charles H. Weber (D) and Charles J. Fleck (R) are out front this election month against a backdrop of the straight-ticket ballot. The urban grass roots action they represent is reported in "Ward Meeting," page 26. The cover artist is James McCray; Lou Bryk photos.

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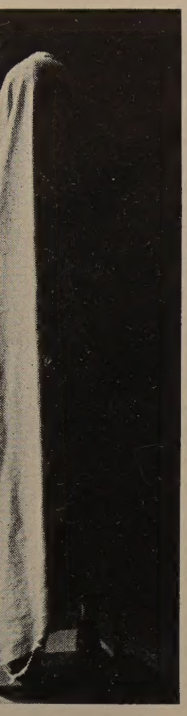
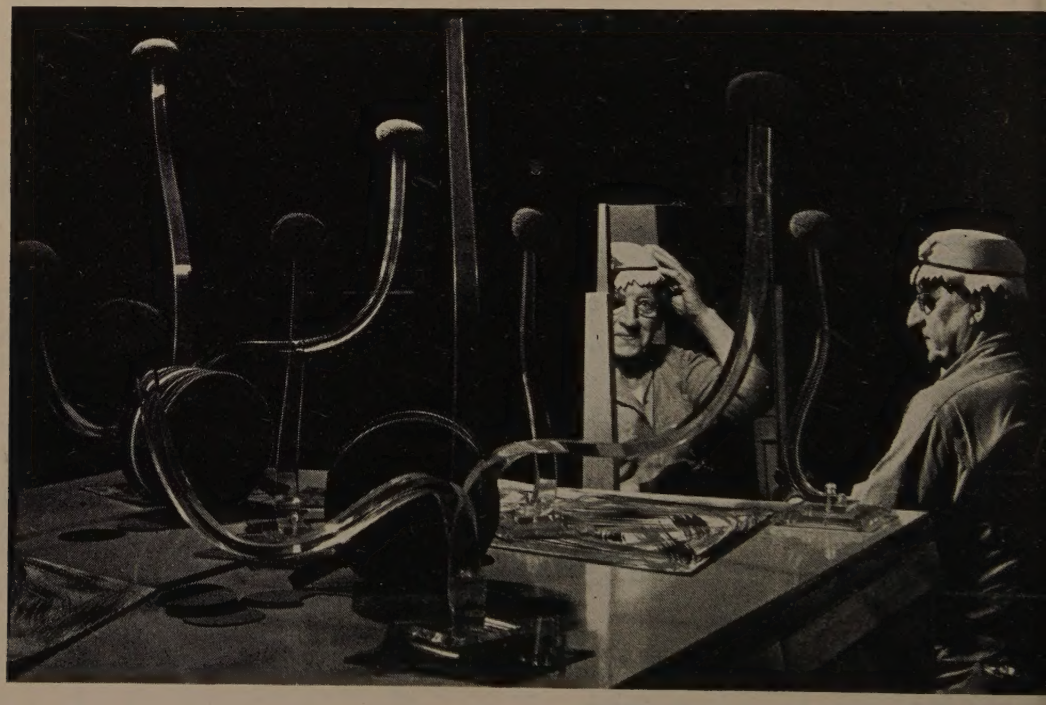
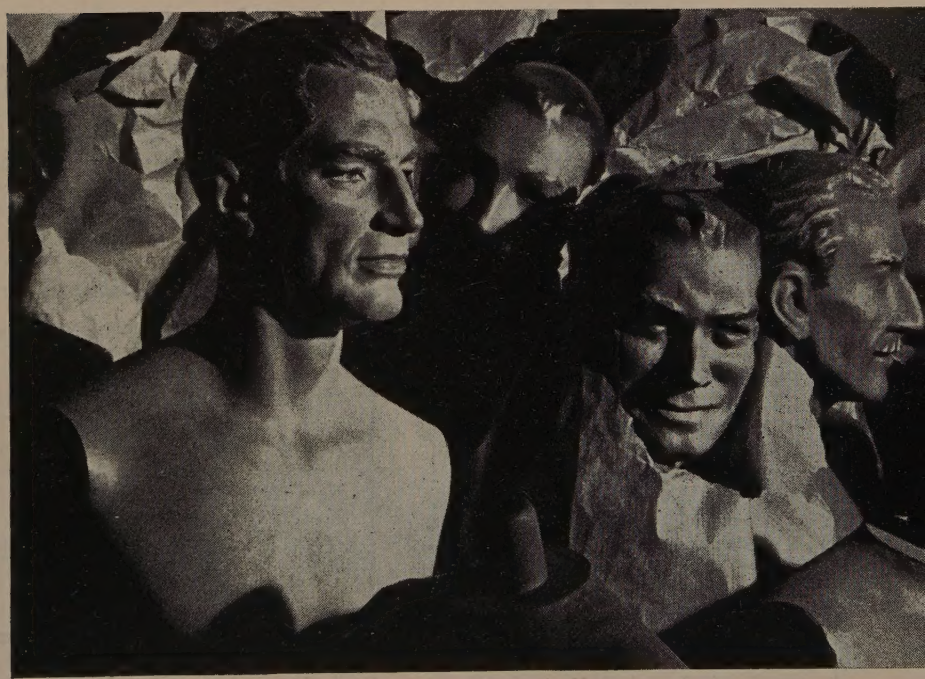


NIGHT LIFE AT LYTTON'S



The inky blackness of a sleeping department store is cut hourly as the watchman tours its cavernous rooms. Dully glowing mannequins line his route, discreetly averting their eyes when he pauses to break his boredom with a caper.



photos by Zdenek Pivecka

WHAT GOES ON HERE

listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

Saint Joan, Great Northern, 26 w. Jackson (CE 6-8240). A revival of George Bernard Shaw's play, with Jean Arthur, Frank Silvera and Sam Jaffe. Opens Nov. 8. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

The Fifth Season, Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). Chester Morris and Joseph Buloff and the New York garment industry. Opens Nov. 15, mats. first Wed. & Sat., thereafter Sat. & Sun.; nightly except Mon.

The King and I, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). The Rodgers and Hammerstein version of "Anna and the King of Siam" — beautiful spectacle, memorable music and Yul Brynner and Patricia Morison. Opens Nov. 23. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Sat. & Wed., 2:30.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Old Vic company production with Stanley Holloway, Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann and Mendelssohn's incidental music. Nov. 25 thru Dec. 5, 8:30 p.m.; mat. Sat. & Sun., 2:30. No perf. Nov. 29.

Pardon Our Antenna, Selwyn, 180 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). Olsen and Johnson head a revue spoofing television. Nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat., 2:30.

Wonderful Town, Shubert. This musical adaptation of "My Sister Eileen," with antics by Carol Channing and music by Leonard Bernstein, closes Nov. 20. Nightly except Sun.; mats. Wed., Sat.

Mrs. Patterson, Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). Eartha Kitt, in role of 15-year-old, sings some songs which are not the kind anyone might expect. Nightly except Sun., mats. Wed. & Sat.

This Is Cinerama, Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph (AN 3-0055). The only movie in town with a parking lot named for it. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10; Sat., 7:30 & 10:30. Mat., Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5.

repertory & university

Playwrights theater, 1205 n. Dearborn (WH 3-2272). Thru Nov. 7, "The Sea Gull"; Nov. 9-28, "Shakuntala"; open Nov. 30, "Rich but Happy." Nightly except Mon., Tue.-Sat., 8:30; Sun., 7:30.

Showcase theater, 1716 Central, Evanston (DA 8-7440). Nov. 2 thru 14, "Jane"; Nov. 16 thru 29, "How He Lied to Her Husband" (Shaw) and "A Phoenix Too Frequent"; beginning Nov. 30, "See the Jaguar." Nightly except Mon.; Tue-Thu., 8; Fri. & Sat., 8:30; Sun., 7:30.

Northwestern, Cahn auditorium, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1907). Nov. 19 & 20, 8:30 p.m., "Romeo and Juliet."

U. of Chicago, Reynolds club, 57th & Universtiy (MI 3-0800). Nov. 19-21, 8:30 p.m., 'The Enchanted." In-the-round.

OPERA

Lyric Theater, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (AN 3-5586). Eve., 8 p.m.; mat., 2 p.m. **Nov. 1** & **5,** "Norma," Maria Callas, Giulietta Simionato, Mirto Picchi, Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, Lawrence White, Gloria Lind; **3** & **13** (mat.), "Taming of the Shrew," Hugh Thompson, White, Irene Jordan, Lind, Donald Gramm, Andrew Foldi, Algerd Brazis; **6** (mat.) & **13,** "La Boheme," Rosanna Carteri, Giacinto Prandelli, Lind, John Tyers; **6** & **10,** "Barber of Seville," Simionato, Leopold Simoneau, Tito Gobbi, Rossi-Lemeni, Carlo Badioli; **8** & **12,** "La Traviata," Callas, Simoneau, Gobbi, Foldi, Lind, Virginio Assandri; **15** & **17,** "Lucia di Lammermoor," Callas, Guiseppe Di Stefano, Gian-Giacomo Guelfi, White, Assandri; **16** & **20** (mat.), "Carmen," Simionato, Picchi, Guelfi, Jordan, Assandri, Lind, Badioli; **18** & **20,** "La Tosca," Eleanor Steber, Di Stefano, Gobbi, Badioli, Assandri, Foldi, Brazis.

MUSIC

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). Thu. & Sat., 8:15 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 2 p.m. **Nov.: 4** (Thu.) & **5** (Fri.), Fritz Reiner, cond., Ernst von Dohnanyi, piano, soloist; Overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," Mendelssohn; Piano Concerto No. 2, Dohnanyi; Symphony No. 3, Brahms. **9** (Tue.), Reiner, cond., Dohnanyi, soloist; Overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage"; Symphony No. 3, Brahms; Variations on a Nursery Theme, Dohnanyi; Ballet suite, "Ariane et Bacchus," Roussel. **11** (Thu.) & **12** (Fri.), Reiner, cond., Andres Segovia, guitar, soloist; Overture to "Beatrice and Benedict," Berlioz; Concerto for Guitar and Orchestra, Castelnuovo-Tedesco; "Alborado del Gracioso," "Pavanne pour une Infante Defunte" and "Bolero," Ravel. **13** (Sat.), Igor Buketoff, cond.; Overture,

"The Roman Carnival," Berlioz; Symphony No. 41 ("Jupiter"), Mozart; "Carmen" suite, Bizet; Overture-fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," Tchaikovsky; "Bolero," Ravel. **18** (Thu.) & **19** (Fri.), Reiner, cond., Concerto Grosso No. 5, Handel; "Classical" Symphony, Prokofiev, Symphonic Dance, Saeverud; "Le Tombeau de Couperin," Ravel; Concerto for Jazz Band and Orchestra, Liebermann (first American performance). **20** (Sat.), Reiner, cond.; "Water Music," Handel; "Le Tombeau de Couperin," Ravel; "El Salon Mexico," Copeland; "Classical" Symphony, Prokofiev; Concerto for Jazz Band and Orchestra, Liebermann. **23** (Tue.), Reiner, cond., Irmgard Seefried, soprano, soloist; Concerto Grosso No. 5, Handel; aria, "Il Re Pastore," Mozart; Symphony No. 5, Schubert; three songs from "Das Marienleben," Hindemith; "Le Tombeau de Couperin," Ravel. **25** (Thu.) & **26** (Fri.), Reiner, cond., Zino Francescatti, violin, soloist; Overture, "Beckus the Dandipratt," Arnold; Violin Concerto No. 3, Saint-Saens; Symphony No. 5, Schubert; "Don Juan," Strauss.

Allied Arts concerts, Orchestra hall (FR 2-0566). Unsubscribed series tickets are put on general sale three weeks before concerts. **Nov.: 7,** 3:30 p.m., De Paur Infantry chorus; **21,** 3:30 p.m., Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; **27,** 8:30 p.m., Mischa Elman, violin; **28,** 3:30 p.m., Ferruccio Tagliavini, tenor.

Grant Johannesen, piano, Mandel hall, U. of Chicago, 57th & University (MI 3-0800). Nov. 5, 8:30 p.m.

Leonard Ingram, piano and cello, Kimball hall, 306 s. Wabash (WE 9-6450). Nov. 9, 8:20 p.m.

Alexander Schneider, violin, and Artur Balsam, piano, Mandel hall, U. of Chicago, Nov. 19, 8:30 p.m., sonata recital.

Int'l Society for Contemporary Music, Fullerton hall, Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (PL 2-5319). Nov. 21, 8:20 p.m., "Music for Strings," performed by Da Camera quartet of De Paul university.

Charlotte Grantman, soprano, Kimball hall, Nov. 30, 8:20 p.m.

diverse

Mambo U. S. A., Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). Nov. 6, 8:15 p.m. A program of mambo music with dancers.

Salzburg Marionette theater, Eighth Street theater, 741 n. Wabash (FR 2-0566). Nov. 6, 2:30 & 8:30 p.m.; Nov. 7, 2:30 p.m. Marionette performances, mostly of operas.

Biggest Show of '54, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Nov. 7, 7 & 10 p.m. Jazz show.

Anna Russell, Orchestra hall (FR 2-0566). Nov. 14, 3:30 p.m. A local skirmish in Miss Russell's war with the concert stage.

Fred Waring orches'ra, Orchestra hall. Nov. 29, 8:30 p.m.

LECTURES

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **Art thru Travel** series, Sun., 2:30 p.m., Fullerton hall. **Nov.: 7,** "Washington, D. C.," Dr. Dudley Crafts Watson; **14,** "Washington, D. C.," Dr. Watson; **21,** "London in May Time," Addis Osborne; **28,** "Venice," Dr. Watson. **Curator's Course** series, Wed., 7:30 p.m., Club room, free. **Nov.: 3,** "Post-Impressionist Painting," Patrick T. Malone; **10,** "The Craftsman as Artist," Frederick A. Sweet; **17,** "The Subject in Painting," Hans Huth; **24,** "Degas as a Portrait Painter," Daniel Caton Rich. **Wednesday noon** series, 12:30 to 1 p.m., free. **Nov.: 3,** 61st American Exhibition, II, gallery 52; **10,** 61st American Exhibition, III, gallery 52; **17,** "Two Neo-classic Portraits," gallery 27; **24,** "El Greco Religious Paintings," gallery 50. In addition, free lecture tours of 61st American Exhibition will be conducted on Mon. & Fri. thru Dec. 3, at 11:30 a.m. & 12:30 p.m., respectively.

Chicago Public library, Randolph at Michigan (CE 6-5821). **Thursday noon** series, 12:15 to 12:45 p.m., 2nd floor assembly room, free. **Nov.: 4,** "Among the Authors," Frederic Babcock; **11,** "Adventures of a 'Life' Photographer," Wallace Kirkland; **18,** "Africa, Land of My Fathers," Era Bell Thompson. **Friday film** series, 12:15 to 12:45 p.m., free. **Nov.: 5,** "Opera School"; **12,** "Pacific 231" and "Trio"; **19,** "Myra Hess" and "Marian Anderson"; **26,** "Tanglewood" and "Images from Debussy."

Natural History museum, Field dr. & Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-9410). Adult lecture and film series, Sat., 2:30 p.m., Simpson theater, free. **Nov.: 6,** "Tomorrow Never Comes," Neil Douglas; **13,** "American Indian Adventures," C. J. Albrecht; **20,** "Argentina," Nichol Smith; **27,** "Expedition Icecap," Paul E. Victor.

Pan American council, Kimball hall, 306 s. Wabash (WE 9-6450). Nov. 12, 8:30 p.m., "Mexico and Central America," Fernando Troncoso.

World Travel Adventure forum, Kimball hall. Nov. 7, "Quest for the Lost City," Dan and Ginger Lamb; Nov. 21, "Switzerland," Curtis F. Nagel. 2:30 & 5 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Int'l square dance festival, Int'l Amphitheater, 43rd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). Nov. 13, 9 a.m. to midnight. Demonstrations, instruction, exhibitions by callers and dancers from thruout the country.

Int'l livestock exposition and horse show, Int'l Amphitheater. Nov. 25 thru Dec. 4., all day. Prize livestock.

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Chrysanthemum show, Lincoln park (Fullerton & Stockton) and Garfield park (300 n. Central Park) conservatories (HA 7-5252). Annual park district displays open Nov. 7. Daily, 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

TELEVISION

sunday

Now and Then (2 p.m., Channel 2). Prof. Frank Baxter confounds the reading versus TV quibblers by letting books speak for themselves.

Adventure (2:30 p.m., 2). Weekly safari into man's deepest jungle — his expanding knowledge.

Omnibus (4 p.m., 2). Look-sees into almost anywhere — from films to the bottom of the sea — sometimes a rare find.

Hall of Fame (4 p.m., 5). Nov. 7, an exception to the usual fare: "Macbeth," with Judith Anderson and Maurice Evans. In color and black and white.

Mr. Peepers (6:30 p.m., 5). Almost the only people on TV so far.

Spectacular (6:30 p.m., 5) Nov. 7, color TV promotion directed by Max Liebman.

monday

Caesar's Hour (7 p.m., 5). Sid Caesar, trying very hard.

Spectacular (7 p.m., 5). Nov. 15, another color gloriosky.

Medic (8 p.m., 5). Patient and physician, an absorbing documentary.

Robert Montgomery Presents (8:30 p.m., 5); **Studio One** (9 p.m., 2). If the first palls, try the other a half-hour later.

tuesday

Halls of Ivy (7:30 p.m., 2). Every other week, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman live it up graciously on campus.

U.S. Steel Hour (8:30 p.m., 7). Alternates in top dramatic fare with "Elgin TV Hour."

See It Now (9:30 p.m., 2). Edward R. Murrow's sane look at an unsteady world.

wednesday

Disneyland (6:30 p.m., 7). ABC's answer to the "spectaculars" — including animated and real animal tales.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra (8 p.m., 9). 10th air season, Fritz Reiner conducting.

Best of Broadway (9 p.m., 2). Nov. 17, big stars in big color drama.

thursday

Climax (7:30 p.m., 2). Name actors in a highly touted dramatic series.

Shower of Stars (7:30 p.m., 2). Interrupts "Climax" Nov. 25.

friday

Person to Person (9:30 p.m., 2). Murrow again, in quiet talks with notables in native habitats.

saturday

NCAA Football (Channel 7). Afternoon college gridiron festivities.
Imogene Coca Show (8 p.m., 5). Miss Coca creates her own comedy-situation empire with no help from Sid Caesar.
Spectacular (8 p.m., 5). Nov. 20, another color splurge replaces Imogene Coca.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **New exhibits:** Nov. 15, photographs by Brassai, French documentary photographer, gallery 5; Nov. 15, Japanese prints by Kitagawa Utamaro, gallery H-5. **Continuing:** thru Nov. 29, contemporary Chinese paintings by Ch'i Pai-Shih, gallery H-9; thru Dec. 5, 61st American exhibition: paintings and sculpture, east wing galleries; thru Dec. 13, recent paintings by Mark Rothko, gallery of art interpretation; thru Jan. 3, Peruvian pottery and metal work of ancient date, gallery L-4; thru April, tapestries, 1500-1800, from the museum collection, gallery A-1. Daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol.
Chicago Public library, Michigan & Randolph (CE 6-5821). Randolph st. corridor: "The Architect's Role in His Community." Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat., to 5:30 p.m. Art dept.: Drawings by Antimo Beneduce and ceramics by Rose Migdal. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Sat., to 5:30 p.m.
The Lantern gallery, 741 Rush (SU 7-6054). Nov. 8 thru 29, paintings, drawings and prints by Anna Baker. Mon.-Sat., 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m.
Main Street gallery, Main Street Book store, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6600). Trends in Italian art since 1900. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat., to 6 p.m.
Mandel Bros. galleries, 1 n. State (ST 2-1500, ext. 892). 20th anniversary exhibit by Musarts group. Paintings in all media. Mon.-Sat., 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m., except Mon. & Thu. to 8:45 p.m.
Marshall Field galleries, 111 n. State (ST 2-1000, ext. 2213). French modern masters and younger artists. Mon.-Sat., 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m.
Palmer House galleries, 119 s. State (FR 2-0790). Thru Nov. 26, ceramics by midwest potters, and oils and water colors by Ann Roman. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Frank Ryan Furnishings, 1653 n. Wells (MI 2-5411). Black and whites, and oil and water colors by Copeland Burg. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., except Wed. to 6 p.m.
Leonard Linn, 821 Chestnut, Winnetka (WI 6-3736). Religious sculpture by Sister Thomasita of Cardinal Stritch college, Milwaukee, and ceramic animals by Irene Kilmurray. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.
Myrtle Todes gallery, 560 Sheridan, Highland Park (HI 2-5536). Paintings and drawings by Lucile Leighton. Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

MUSEUMS

Adler planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). Nov. show: "Five Years with the 200-Inch." Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. & 3 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 8 p.m.; Sun., 2 & 3:30 p.m. Museum hours: daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri. to 9 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.
Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Special exhibit: American Photography, 1845-65. Pioneer photographic media — daguerreotype, ambertype, tintype and first paper photography. Top floor, three galleries. Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.
George F. Harding museum, 4853 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Specializes in medieval armor, arms and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.
Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Nov. 13 thru 21, Children's Book fair; Nov. 27 thru Dec. 12, Christmas 'Round the World programs, showing Christmastide customs and observances of various nationalities. Stage presentations in west wing theater at 2, 3:30, 7 & 8:30 p.m. daily. Museum hours, except for Christmas programs: Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sat., to 5:30 p.m.; Sun & hol., to 7 p.m.
Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, geology, botany and zoology. Daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.
Oriental Institute, U. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Cultural objects from ancient Near East countries. Tue.-Sat., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m. Free.
Shedd aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of live fish. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

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SPORTS

pro football

Bears, Wrigley field, Clark & Addison (DE 2-5400). Nov. 7, Green Bay; Nov. 14, Cleveland; Nov. 28, Los Angeles. Game time, 1:05 p.m.
Cardinals, Comiskey park, 35th & Shields (WA 2-9334). Nov. 21, Washington. 1:30 p.m.

college football

Northwestern, Dyche stadium, Central st., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Nov. 13, Indiana. 1:30 p.m.
Notre Dame, U. of Notre Dame stadium, South Bend, Ind. (3-7111). Nov. 13, North Carolina; Nov. 27, So. California. 1 p.m.

thorobred racing

Sportsman's park, 33rd & Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1121). Thru Nov. 6. 1:30 p.m.

FOR THE CHILDREN

museums

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Junior booklovers will find enchantment at the **Children's Book fair** Nov. 13 thru 21. About 3,000 of the best books published for young people, including old and new titles, classics and Newberry Award winners, will be displayed. At frequent intervals there will be films, lectures, chalk talks, dramatizations of popular books, and talks by authors. Sponsored jointly by the Children's Book council, the museum, and the "Chicago Tribune." Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sat., to 5:30 p.m.; Sun., to 7 p.m. Free.
Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Girl Scouts working for "My Community" and "My Country" proficiency badges will find help in a new service offered by the society. Field-trip worksheets prepared from Scout handbook requirements will be made available to Scout groups visiting the museum for this purpose. Special tours may be arranged for troops with leaders. **Programs of slide** talks and films on American and Chicago history, related to the social science studies: **Museum Mornings,** Sat., 10 a.m.; subject **Nov. 6, 13 & 20:** "The Fort Dearborn Massacre," with film "History of the U. S. Navy." **Week Day Assemblies,** Wed., 10 a.m., for teachers with classes (by reservation); **Nov. 3,** "The Great Chicago Fire," and "It Takes Everybody to Build This Land," an educational film. **Nov. 10 & 17,** "Life in Colonial America," plus color film "Pocahontas." Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m.

Natural History museum, Field dr. & Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-9410). One hour movie programs for children, Sat., 10:30 a.m., Simpson theater, free. **Nov.: 6:** "Water Birds," a Walt Disney film, plus a cartoon; **13:** "Hunting the Kodiak Bear," with lecture; **20:** "Angote, Story of an Eskimo," plus a cartoon; **27:** "Savage Splendor," film about a hunting expedition in Africa.

music

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). **Young People's Concerts,** Tue., 3 p.m.; George Schick, conductor. Theme **Nov. 2,** "Story of the Orchestra," with narration of Kleinsinger's "Pan the Piper" by George Kuyper. Orchestra program, David Pope, 15, piano, soloist: "Capriccio Brillante," Mendelssohn; "Perpetual Motion," Britten; "Bohemian Dance," Bizet; "Ride of the Valkyries," Wagner; "Strike Up the Band," Gershwin. **Nov. 16 & 30,** "Fairy Tales in Music," with Ruth Shallet, mezzo-soprano, and Jacqueline Willens, soprano, in a scene from Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel." Orchestra program, Connie Pat McElroy, 15, cello, soloist: "Symphonic Variations for Violoncello," Boellman; "Wedding March," Mendelssohn; selections from "Nutcracker Suite," Tchaikovsky; "Dance of the Buffoons," Rimski-Korsakov.

theater

Goodman Memorial theater, Monroe at Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337). Thru Dec. 19, "Heidi." Sat., 2:30 p.m.; Sun., 3 p.m.; extra performance Nov. 27 at 10:30 a.m. Reservations should be made well in advance.
Children's Theater of Evanston, Haven school, Prairie & Lincoln, Evanston (UN 4-3734). Rita Criste's production of "The

Coming in the December issue of **Chicago**

- Jazz and crime
  a rebel may go either way
- The plank-street city of 1848
  a traveler's view of young Chicago
- The gentlemen adventurers of Jackson boulevard

On news-stands the last Thursday in November

Pied Piper," adapted and directed by Elinor Rice. For elementary and intermediate pupils, acted by children in Evanston schools and students from Northwestern university school of speech. Nov. 6 & 20, 10 a.m. & 2:30 p.m.; Nov. 19, 2:45 p.m. Send mail orders to Children's theater, School of Speech, Northwestern university, Evanston.

Showcase Theater for Children, 1716 Central st., Evanston (DA 8-7440). "Aladdin," complete with genii and the wonderful lamp, performed by adult players. Nov. 6, 11 a.m.; Nov. 13, 20 & 27, 1:30 p.m.

Jack & Jill players, Kimball building, 25 e. Jackson (WA 2-0317). "The Pied Piper of Hamlin," Nov. 6, 13 & 27, 4:15 p.m.

NIGHT LIFE

Balinese Room, Blackstone hotel, 636 s. Michigan (HA 7-4300). All the more pleasant for the music of the Hal Otis & George Metz trios. Noon to 1 a.m., Sat. to 2 a.m. Dancing from 9:30. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $2.75-$4.

Black Orchid, 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6666). Tito Guizar, with guitar, opens Nov. 8. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.; shows from 9:30. Lunch $.95-$2.60; dinner $2.95-$6.50.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). The Duke of Iron continues with his calypso

ballads. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30, midnight & 2. Dinner $1.75-$3.75. $2.50 minimum.

Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). Flashing Margie Lee heads "Skating Stars," the current ice revue. Open from 6:30 p.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun., 4 p.m. Dinner from $3.25. $2 cover.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Lush rendezvous with dancing to Ralph Rodgers' Latin-American rhythms. Noon to 2 a.m. Dancing after 9 p.m. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., $3 minimum.

Camellia House, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan. French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's music for dancing in a Dorothy Draper setting. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $5-$6.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). Thru Nov. 26 Sam Levenson, sometime school teacher, entertains with storytelling. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; late shows Fri. & Sat., 2:15 a.m. Dinner $3.50-4.75; $5.50 special includes cover and minimum, 7-course dinner, after-dinner liqueur, show and dancing.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining western style, with music by Frank York, his orchestra and violin. Noon to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.65-$1.95; dinner $4.50-$6.75.

Empire Room, Palmer House, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). Nov. 18 brings Hildegarde the incomparable. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight. Lunch from $2; dinner from $4.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir and his "Glass Hatters" play toe-tapping or tender tunes for dancing. 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from $3.50.

The Glass House, Graemere hotel, 3400 w. Washington (VA 6-7600). Appealing to palate, ourse and pleasure. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.; Sat. to 3 a.m. Dancing to Rudy Austin's music after 8:30, except Sun. & Mon. Lunch $.90-$1.50; dinner $1.85-$3.

Marine Dining Room, Edgewater Beach hotel, 5349 n. Sheridan (LO 1-6000). Shows, food, service all good. Open to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30 & 11 p.m., Sat., 8:30 & 11:30 p.m. Lunch $1.25-3.50; dinner $3.25-$5.75.

The Opera Club, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). Ceaseless entertainment by comic-pianist Aaron Leifer and singing waiters. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Dinner $1.75-$3.75.

The Pump Room, Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Celebrity hang-out of elegance, with David Le Winter's orchestra. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner, $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., $3.50 min.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 w. Randolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra and violin against an Alpine background. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $3.50-$6.

JEAN CARROLL

"America's First Lady of Laughs", stars in the Empire Room of the Palmer House. The charming TV comedienne heads a show that includes America's foremost harpist, Robert Maxwell, back for his third return engagement, and the dancing of the Empire Eight. Charlie Fisk and his orchestra provide music.

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jazz

Beehive lounge, 1503 e. 55th (PL 2-9060). Strictly bop. Lester Young comes in to play his usual cool and relaxed tenor sax with the house band. An innovation: a new Wednesday combo of earnest young men of promise led by John Gilmore, with George Henry on piano, Robert Barry on drums and Herbert Brown on bass. Jam session Mon. 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.; closed Tuesday. No cover or minimum.

Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). Nov. 10 thru 23 the beret and goatee crowd will find the old man of bop, Dizzy Gillespie, leading a new group thru intricate and gone routines. Dizz has a new kind of horn — a trumpet with the bell turned up like a persicope — with which he makes some new sounds. Food is served, ranging from $1.50 to $3. $3 minimum. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m. Sun. mat., 5 to 7 p.m., features soft drinks for teen-agers. Closed Mon. & Tue.

Jazz, Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). Solid New Orleans stuff, with Harry Graves subbing on trombone for Miff Mole, who has been sidelined by a hip ailment. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m.; closed Sun. $2 minimum. Unescorted women not admitted.

Mambo City, 7 w. Randolph (AN 3-6908). A brand new haunt in the old Encore room, where Eduardo Medina and five of the hottest blaze away with Cubano bop. Fri., Sat. & Sun. only, 8:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m., except Sat. to 4:30 a.m. No cover or minimum. Mon. & Tue. the group transfers its activity to the Preview lounge downstairs.

Streamliner, 540 w. Madison (AN 3-6436). Dig Anita O'Day, who brings in her wild trio and the style that has sparked many large and small jazz groups. Pat Moran quietly fills in on piano during intermission. Tue.-Fri., 9:30 p.m. to 4 a.m.; Sat., 9 p.m. to 5 a.m.; no music Sun. & Mon. $2.50 minimum.

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DINING OUT

Berghoff's, 17 w. Adams (HA 7-3170). For hearty appetites: corned beef and cabbage, Thuringer sausage, other German dishes. 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.; closed Sun. Lunch $1-$2.50; dinner $1.75-$4.

Bird Cage lounge, Blackhawk restaurant, 139 n. Wabash (RA 6-2822). A new balcony hideaway whose chief decorations are hanging birdcages holding love birds and a young mynah bird that is learning to talk. Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch only, from $1.50, cocktails until close.

A Bit of Sweden, 1015 Rush (DE 7-1492). Bountiful smorgasbord in a bright little room lined with copper pots. 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., 5 to 9 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 9 p.m. Lunch $1-$1.75; dinner $2.45-$3.40.

Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton (AN 3-8310). Bohemian dishes with fresh game in season. 11 a.m. to midnight; closed Sun. & holidays. Lunch $1.35-$1.65; dinner $1.75-$4.75.

Cafe de Paris, 1260 n. Dearborn (WH 4-5620). Delectable French fare in a gay Gallic setting. Open from 4 p.m. Dinner $4-$6.

Cape Cod Room, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-7200). Possibly the finest sea food in town. Noon to midnight. A la carte service.

Continental Gourmet restaurant, 1508 e. 57th (PL 2-9355). A new restaurant in the U. of Chicago area. Menu is limited to half a dozen entrees, with a new nationality dish every night. 4:30 to 10:30 p.m.; closed Mon. $1.75-$2.50.

Grecian Terrace, 55 w. Washington (RA 6-0637). A good Loop restaurant where there's plenty of room at lunch time. Greek specialties include avgolemeno soup, taramosalata (fish roe) and assorted kebabs and pelafs. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch from $1.15; dinner from $2.25.

Grand & Noble. A bit of Long Island at the southwest corner of the intersection, open from May to December. Fresh clams and oysters shipped from the east coast are opened on the spot. Also, barbecued Italian specialties such as lambs' heads and stigoli, an amalgum of lamb giblets. Open to 2 a.m., week-ends to 3 a.m.

Henrici's, 71 w. Randolph (DE 2-1800). Popular since 1868 for good food and generous portions. 8 a.m. to 1:30 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $2.50-$5.

Hoe Sai Gai, 85 w. Randolph (AN 3-6474). Chinatown in the Loop. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.; Sat. to 3 a.m. Lunch $.75-$2; dinner $1.55-$4.

Ireland's, 632 n. Clark (DE 7-2020). An old-time restaurant devoted exclusively to sea food. Noon to 2 a.m. Dinner $2-$5.

Jacques', 900 n. Michigan (DE 7-9040). Continental foods and choice wines in a light-hearted French atmosphere. 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., 5 to 10:30 p.m. Lunch $1.70-$2.60; dinner $3.80-$6.

Kungsholm, 100 e. Ontario (WH 4-2700). Smorgasbord is a ritual here. Reservations are required for the extraordinary puppet opera in the miniature theater. 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., 5:30 to 10:30 p.m. Lunch $2-$3.50; dinner $3.50-$6.

Park Row, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). The usual Hilton fare amid pleasant surroundings. 7:30 a.m. to midnight. Lunch $1.65-$2; dinner $2.65-$3.50.

Ricketts, 103 e. Chicago (WH 4-9500). A well-attended spot, open 24 hours. Lunch $.75-$1.25; dinner $1.65-$3.

Well of the Sea. Sherman hotel, Clark & Randolph (FR 2-2100). A dim room with deep-sea menu and decor. Noon to midnight; Sun., 4 to 9 p.m. Lunch $1.60-$2.25; dinner a la carte.

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West of the Water Tower

illustrated by Carl Schranz

What this country needs

Long after the nickel phone had gone the way of white Kleenex and one-tone cars, one such instrument survived in the dark lobby of an old apartment building on Ontario street. It was an early style French cradle phone, connected by a long cord to a wall box into which the money was dropped thru a hook-shaped receptacle.

Its physical aspect and bargain rate were not the phone's only eccentricities; its operating procedure also was different. Instead of putting in a coin, receiving a dial tone and then dialing, a prospective caller got the dial tone on picking up the instrument, dialed, then dropped in a nickel in order to complete the circuit.

January 11 and 12, 1951, were the official days for the switch-over from nickel to dime calls, but this venerable phone with a WHitehall 4 number kept on giving cut-rate communication until just a few months ago when, as they were bound to one day, the shock troops of Illinois Bell traced it to its hideout. They took it away and left a shiny new phone connected to the DElaware 7 exchange, thereby plugging a revenue leak that may have caused considerable dismay among members of the company's accounting department.

Stagehand

George Jackson, elderly, bespectacled, thin and slightly stooped, led the way backstage at the Shubert theater. Four men in work clothes were wrestling with a slice of scenery. Two blondes still in street wear chatted with a short man who had the dress and air of authority. From the stage came the sound of "and . . ." clap, "and . . ." clap, "and . . ." clap, synchronized with the clacking of tap shoes.

Jackson folded his arms and scratched his narrow shoulders. His hands were strong and seemed mismatched with his thin arms. "Thirty minutes to curtain time. It's a long time, to be doing something for 47 years, and for 47 years I've been enjoying this exact spot of the evening. There mayn't be the confusion and mass stage fright of opening night and the first few nights of the show, but there's always that air of expectancy and tension, sort of like you move up to the edge of your seat.

"I'm what you'd call a theatrical carpenter. This backstage crew is divided into three parts. The carpenters — that's me — who take care of the scenery; the property men who take care of rugs, tables, chairs — the small props; and the electricians who take care of the lights. I'm the boss of the carpenters. I have 13 men under me. We are attached to this theater, but then the show itself has eight carpenters, too."

He pointed straight overhead to where a hundred wires and ropes disappeared into darkness. A lone light stared down. "See that lamp? Seven stories up. As a matter of fact, it's the lighting that has made the greatest advance in the last half century. Why 45 years ago, you had two or three lights overhead, a few spots in the wings, footlights and that was that. Now — see that up there? Just one bank of the overhead lights, and it has 75 individual lights . . ."

He broke off and stepped over to where two men were moving a thick plaster pillar. One of the movers had both feet entwined in a coil of electrical cord and was about to fall headlong. Jackson hissed a few remarks, and the movers halted, kicked the cord aside and began again.

"How some of these ginks today

don't wind up crashing thru the backdrop in the middle of the love scene, I don't know."

More girls of the chorus hurried in, and the tempo backstage began to pick up. Jackson had to interrupt himself frequently now with an order or suggestion to his crew.

"The only difference between a musical and straight drama for us is that a musical has more scene changes and there is less time to take care of them. For musicals we have to keep on the ball.

"Yes, I've seen 'em all. Worked with Cantor, two of Jolson's shows. Fine men. Always treated the backstage crew wonderful. That's the way with all the great ones who came up the hard way. And then the great old stars of drama – Richard Mansfield, Julia Marlowe, E. H. Sothern. Over all, I think this thing called temperament has died down pretty much now. But that Mansfield sure had it. If somebody backstage dropped something or spoke or coughed while he was on stage, even in rehearsal, why he'd explode. He'd demand that the person be fired on the spot.

"But I'm getting on, of course, and I've had to slow down. Lived in one spot on the North Side ever since I came off the road. And I've had to take it easy. Health hasn't been too good. As a matter of fact, I've not only known a lot of life in this theater work of mine, but I've known death, and personally. I was sick some years ago and had to have an operation. Went into convulsions and my heart stopped once for five minutes and the next time for seven minutes. I know exactly what that feeling is when you die. They play-act living and dying here – I know it from doing both . . ."

"Ten minutes! Ten minutes!" The short, authoritative man was walking about and scattering people to their posts. George Jackson nodded, shook hands quickly and disappeared behind a hanging scenery flat.

We want a spiritual touchdown

Veryl Switzer, the Green Bay Packers' rookie halfback of great velocity, pronounces his last name with a long *i*. A blonde model was among a group listening to the Bears-Packers game when, on a play in the third quarter, the announcer yelled, "There goes Switzer around left end." The mannequin tentatively ventured this bit of rooting: "C'mon, Albert."

The 20-cent peace

Shortly after noon on a late summer day a bus northbound on South Park way was hailed by a man at 57th street.

He was a huge fellow, near middle age, with the physique of a powerful man in his prime: barrel chest, heavy shoulders and ham-like biceps. His features were large and strong and were accented by bushy eyebrows and intense eyes.

Despite his physical characteristics, his appearance was ragtaggle. His hair was tousled and his clothes unkempt as tho he slept in them. His left leg had been amputated above the knee, and the empty trouser leg had been chopped off and the ragged ends sewn together clumsily.

The bus stopped and the giant cripple showed startling agility as he mounted, thrusting his left arm thru his crutch, grasping the hand rails and swinging himself aboard without visible effort – a maneuver that was watched intently and with evident sympathy by the dozen or so passengers aboard. He dropped heavily into the seat directly behind the driver without paying his fare.

The bus started up and after it had gone several blocks the driver turned. "The fare is 20 cents," he said, tapping the fare box.

"I have no money," the cripple answered.

With the bus moving along slowly, the driver turned again and said with distinct emphasis, "You will have to pay your fare."

"I have no money," was the reply.

The driver pulled over to the curb, arose, and looking down at the cripple in his firmest manner, said, "You will pay your fare or get off this bus."

The response was the same: "I have no money."

While the driver stood hesitant the cripple sat with a look of defiant satisfaction on his face, obviously confident in the outcome, as tho this sort of thing was not at all new.

The other passengers had become engrossed in the affair and they waited for a solution to the impasse. It seemed unthinkable that the driver could eject the cripple forcibly; the only other likely recourse was for him to call a policeman. The passengers' sympathies appeared to be divided, with a majority favoring the cripple. No one offered to pay his fare; the dispute was left to run its course.

After a long moment the driver put his hand in his pocket, drew out two dimes, dropped them into the fare box, sat down and started the bus on its way again. The incident was ended. The spectators relaxed and discussed it among themselves.

Several thought the driver was tender-hearted and weak, but one declared, "He certainly was wise. He bought peace for 20 cents."

The cripple got off at Madison street, with a parting remark to the driver: "Now – you can go to hell."

Convenient

The Halo Cleaners is located on north La Salle street directly across from the Moody Bible institute.

The ecumenical man

On the South Side there is a young fellow, Jewish by birth, who has been converted to Catholicism and makes his living selling Protestant Bibles.

A cloud of flutterwings

At the mouth of Belmont harbor, in the area now restricted, there is a small point of land that curves northward.There was a Coast Guard outpost there before the war, when the shore line was "the rocks," a jumble of enormous granite blocks.

In secret pools that splashed between the rocks, skinny minnows darted, and strings of tiny bubbles arose in betrayal of buried little crabs. Occasionally a small perch, landlocked by accident of wind and water or discarded by a disappointed fisherman, hung fear-stilled beneath a ledge, its gills pulsing in and out.

In the early morning, sandpipers busily scavenged every crevice. Tiny trefoil prints tracked "heel, toe and away we go" across the dust. Sometimes, when they had gone after a minnow, their wet small claws left a silver track across the face of the rock. Grackles in iridescent black strutted in the sun or swooped down near the fishermen to pick up discarded bait. Their bodies moved with inky purpose, disdaining rather than avoiding human overtures.

In the past decade fire has destroyed the Coast Guard shed, and its ruined foundation has become host to a myriad of native plants and creatures. By midsummer, phlox, purple burdock, the umbels of white Queen Anne's lace, pink-flowered woodbine and a treasury of mustard spikes and yellow dandelions turn it into a weedy garden. Grasshoppers snap about, crickets chirrup, rabbits dart from sun to quick shadow, and pairs of small, white butterflies whirl up and down in the quiet sunshine.

The craggy shore line also has disappeared. A few years back the rocks were untangled and fashioned into an orderly sea wall esplanade, a majestic series of wide stone steps, each waist high and a rough yard wide. The top terrace rises five feet or so above ground level. Four descending stone terraces stretch between it and the water's edge. The old, wild clamber

for a ledge in the sun is gone, but this newer meeting of lake and shore lends the form and massive grace of an ancient amphitheater for the drama inherent in nature.

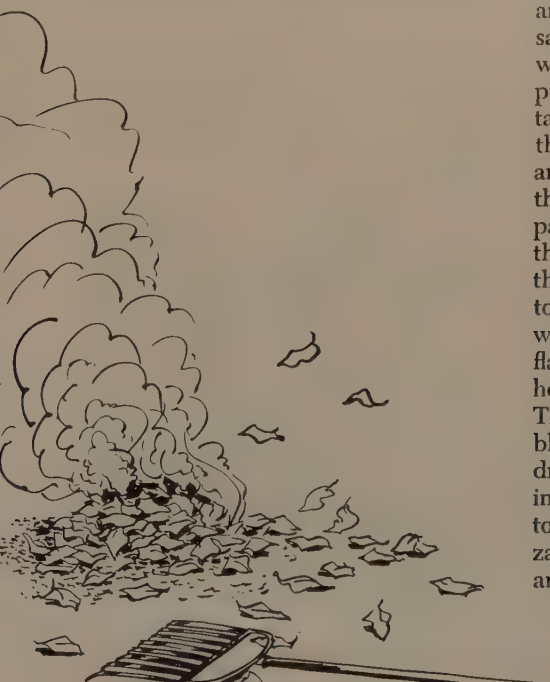
Once, during a sailboat race in the late afternoon, a dark edge of clouds on the northern horizon blew up into a squall. With chilling suddenness, unexpected darkness reached across the lake, but in the west the sun was so close to setting that it shone beneath the clouds, whose vapor-swelled hummocks glowed orange and pink and red. Far out in the lake, the white sails glistened against dark sky and water. Their hulls and masts seemed pure gold. In the off-shore dark, curtains of rain obscured one craft and then another, and small rainbows arched between the lowering sky and the wild lake. Nearer shore, rough patches riffled the uneasy water, and then welling up from the lake came the breakers, piling higher and higher to crash against the sea wall. The white sails swayed wildly and hulls flashed out of the water as the boats heeled and tacked before the wind. Tho the sun still shone, thunder rumbled in the rising wind and huge drops splattered down. With agonizing slowness, the boats beat their way to safety, but one by one they zigzagged to the entrance of the harbor and glided into the sunlit channel, each mast and spar decorated for bravery by the setting sun.

On another day, toward evening, a yellow-brown cloud appeared along the shore north of the harbor mouth, hovering over the lake, then blowing inland, wavering back and forth as it moved south, casting, in its erratic course, a moving shadow first on the water and then on the sunny top ledge of the sea wall.

As it crossed the water at the harbor entrance, a child shouted, "It's flutterwings, it's flutterwings!" It was a vast swarm of monarch butterflies in seasonal migration, going south in advance of the birds. There were thousands of them spread like a gauzy scarf upon the breeze.

Just overhead, they swerved inland and headed into the park, and alighted in a grove of tall cottonwoods. The trees were covered with bronze butterflies, and the evening sun caught and hung on the gleaming wings clustered on the trunks and limbs. The branches, each twig and leaf, burned amber.

The next day they were gone; only some fluttering but determined stragglers made their way along the shore.



It is written

In red reflector tape on the rear bumper of a 1953 Plymouth frequently parked on north La Salle street: "Crescat scientia vita excolatur" — freely, "Let knowledge grow from day to day and thus be human life enriched."

As a hog on ice

Listed in the city telephone directory is the Independent Herring Corporation.

The little world of Parnell St. Aubin

Out southwest, in Chicago Lawn, there's a Lilliputian saloon owned and operated by a small young man named Parnell St. Aubin, and frequented by other small people.

It's the Midgets Club, started in 1948 by St. Aubin, who had it built to scale for himself and his favored patrons. The bar, shaped like a widened "U", is 27 feet long but only 34 inches high.

Mine Host Parnell, who is three feet eight inches tall, whisks about on a raised platform behind the bar. He rinses glasses in a wash basin, scoops cubes out of an ice compartment and spears maraschino cherries from a bottle on a work bench only 24 inches above his work-area platform — at what would be knee level for a six-foot bartender.

A puckish stranger came in not long ago, lowered himself slowly to one of the 18 inch-high stools, rested his bending elbow on the bar and asked:

"How about a tall beer?"

"Mister," Parnell said with the surprised and pleased air of a man who hadn't heard the line a hundred times, "this is the home of the short beer."

He poured beer from a seven-ounce bottle, the only size he carries, into a six-ounce glass. The other bottles and glasses are of conventional dimensions. So are the juke box and a line of tables along the wall opposite the bar.

Over in one corner is a dice table of the same sawed-off height as the bar. Parnell's wife, Mary Ellen, who also is three feet, eight inches tall, matches luck there at "26." She looks, at first glance, like a pretty, long-haired doll propped up on a bench behind this small pulpit of chance.

Parnell, as the customers see him, is a gay and garrulous mite. Small talk gushes from him like beer from a tap. He trades gossip and gags. Punch lines touch off his high-pitched, merry laugh.

But, if you drop in on a dull evening and probe into his early years, he becomes grave. Deep down in the personality of this little chap there is a nagging ambition to make his mark, at a level of an average-size man, in a world of what he calls "big people."

PARNELL, 31 YEARS OLD now, is a member of a family of normal height. He stopped growing when he was in grade school.

"The kids call you a freak," he bitterly recalls from his adolescence. "They leave you out of their ball games. They tease you. One big kid used to put his left hand on top of my head and slap me in the face with his right hand."

Parnell also felt the pinch of austerity during a spell on relief rolls in the depression period. As he grew older, he began to realize in a vague way that life for little people, such as himself, involves a constant struggle against an outsize environment.

HE STRODE off to the battle equipped with a high school diploma and armed with a full-blown spirit. During World War II he worked in an aircraft plant. He ran a drill press and bucked rivets on, and inside, huge plane wings. This three-and-a-half year stint gave him his first contact with, as he says, "the U.S. mint."

Shortly after V-J Day he had a small bankroll, a newly developed liking for the equality and fraternity he had found in barrooms and a yen to go into business for himself. He opened a tavern at 353 east 79th street.

But after 13 months in this regulation-size saloon, he grew weary of the stretching involved in placing a stein on a high bar and plucking change from an overhead cash register. So he rented a store space, 41 by 14 feet, in a one-story building at 6356 s. Kedzie, called in a contractor and had the club built on an elfin scale.

Its capacity is 37 patrons. Ninety-nine out of each 100 of them are big people. But midgets, some 40 in all, drop in now and then. They never had it so convenient.

THE CLUB serves as a free employment agency for them. Parnell receives calls from booking agents, television producers and convention arrangements committees. They want tiny folks to appear in acts, take part in advertising stunts or to hand out samples or demonstrate gadgets at national trade meetings.

Parnell is happy to line up the talent. He figures his small friends need all the work they can get. This service, and his success as an innkeeper, have made him a widely known and respected figure in the community of midgets.

But he unwittingly muffed an opportunity to place the name of Parnell St. Aubin in headlines reserved for such celebrities as Stan Musial or Ted Williams

One summer day in 1951 a Chicago theatrical agent telephoned.

"Parnell," he said, "we want a little fellow for a short engagement in a baseball park in St. Louis. Can you make it?"

"Sorry," Parnell said, "but I can't leave my business."

Parnell thought no more about it until he read about the chap who took the assignment — the midget who took that historic turn at bat with the St. Louis Browns.

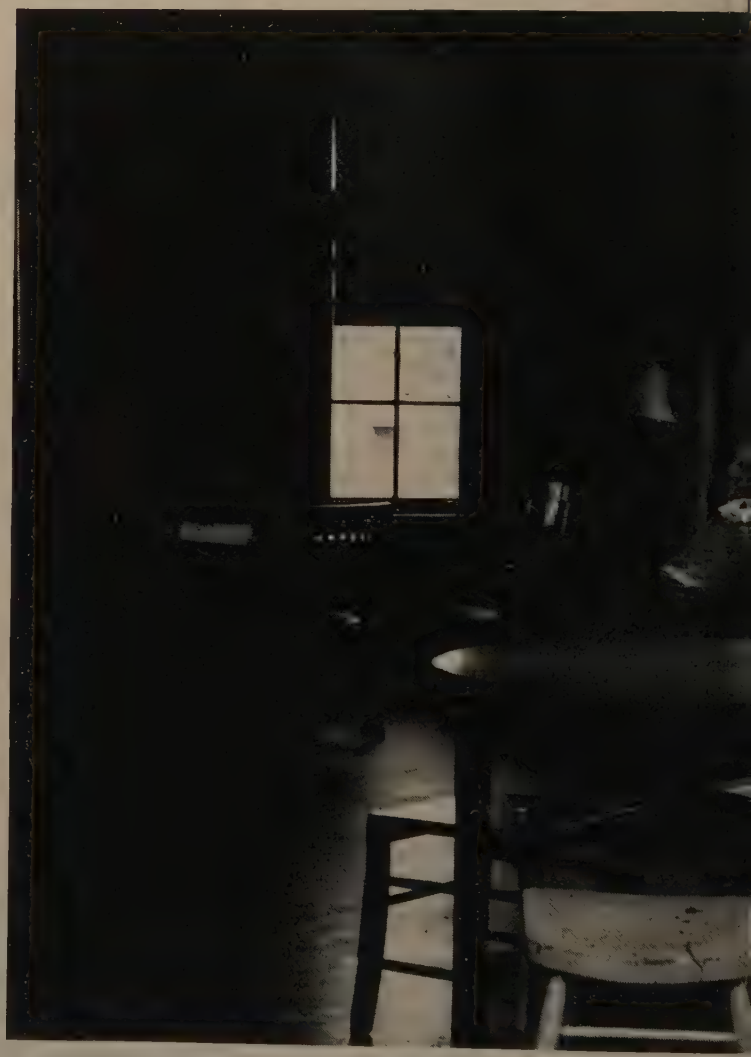
Russell V. Hamm photo

The rescue of a delinquent boy

Jack, age 10, was cruel, unmanageable and bitterly lonesome; at Ridge Farm, he found men and women who understood why.

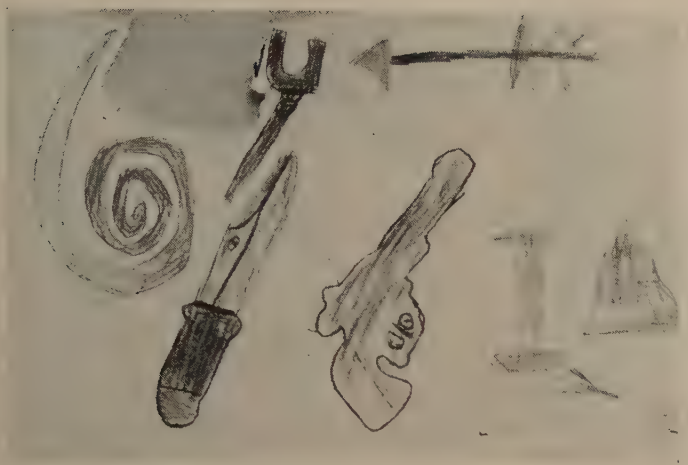
I remember when Mom used to lock me in the broom closet and then bang on the door and shout, "You belong in jail!" Well, now I am and I bet she's happy. She hates me — everybody hates me. If the judge could just tell her how mean she is to me — but he won't. He'll hate me, too.

Jack's mother, who had been in and out of hospitals for years, often had depressed states during which she locked the boy out of the house. He had truanted as many as 18 out of 22 school days. Police picked him up after he methodically broke the bedroom windows of 14 homes in his neighborhood. In court the mother, bored and tired, said she had never been able to control Jack; she asked the judge to "put him away somewhere where he'll be forced to learn to behave." The father, an alcoholic, left the family eight months before. Thru a social worker, Jack was referred to Ridge Farm, a residential treatment center for children with severe behavior problems.



That woman that brought me sure told me a fancy story about how they understand kids here. Those kids playing out there mustn'ta done anything as bad as I did. There's something wrong here. Maybe they're just waiting, and when I'm in bed tonight they'll come in the dark to torture me.

Investigation of the family background, and interviews with Jack's mother, indicated that the father was an immature person who had married several times in confused efforts to orient himself. He had little or no concept of a father's role, so that taking Jack to bars with him was just about the only gesture of affection he could offer. The mother had never wanted to have children. Her attitude toward Jack switched periodically from militant and meticulous control to complete indifference. Ridge Farm took Jack because personality tests showed he had some ability to understand his problem.



"Seven ways to kill a man." That's what I'm drawing. This'll make 'em be careful. Anything they can think of to do to me, I can think of something worse to do to them. They'll see!

During one of his first therapy sessions at Ridge Farm, Jack grimly drew this collection of lethal weapons. Jack said very little during these early sessions, but gradually began using modeling clay and other materials to illustrate his hostility. In weekly conferences, the center's two psychiatrists and three psychiatric social workers saw this as a healthy symptom.

"This is yours," they said. They can't fool me! I'm too bad to have anything good. Let 'em beat me up and get it over.

Like the other 20 children at Ridge Farm, Jack had toys, clothes and a room of his own, but he could not, as yet, tolerate consistent kindness. He broke his wagon in a fit of self-punishment. Jack blamed himself for his father's leaving home. Sometimes he believed he had caused this tragedy by hateful thoughts about his father's drinking. So he punished himself, to forestall punishment when his "guilt" was discovered.

I wish I was dead. Guess that's what happened to Dad.

Dormitories at Ridge Farm have houseparents who live on the premises. Jack was withdrawn and suspicious with adults, particularly women, toward whom he cast sneaky little glances when he thought they weren't looking. But there was one housefather to whom Jack gradually began to respond and with whom he lived thru a drama of emotional growth. At the outset of such a new relationship, a child will be as bad as he can in order to try his new friend hard and fast; it is a form of self-protection, to avoid becoming fond of someone who might yet let him down. So Jack's housefather was firm but not angry even when the boy was at his worst.

photos by Robert Buchbinder
model, Mark Cohen

I wish I could figure this place out. My housefather is pretty nice to me, but he's nice to everybody else, too. I want him to be all mine. But if he was, he might go away forever, or die, like my other father did. But he says he won't, so maybe he won't. Nobody here has locked me up yet. Nobody hits me. Why don't they ever lock the doors?

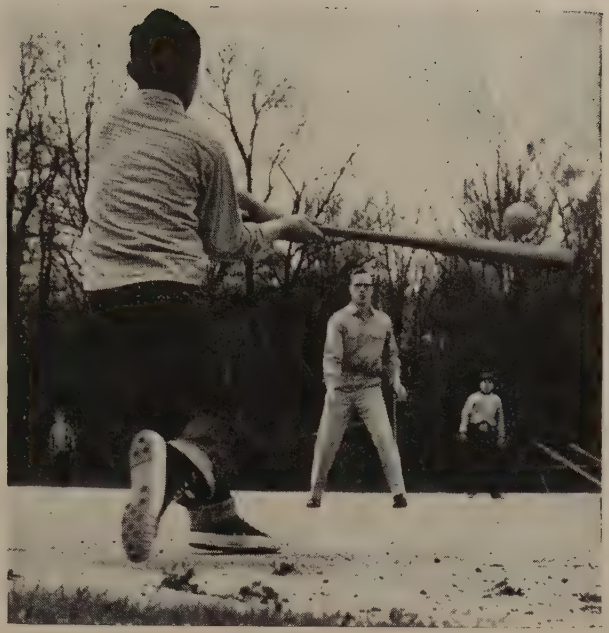
Jack remained solitary and apprehensive for months. The general attitude at Ridge Farm during this period of slowly relaxing tension is one of friendly but unobtrusive interest, with the necessary minimum of direction.

Keys are the most magic things there are. When you've g enough of them, everything is OK. You can go away a come back whenever you want. House keys, school keys, c keys, room keys . . .

Jack had been accumulating old keys for months before an one realized that he had dozens of them and that th were his most treasured possession. It seemed to him that he had only had the right door key he could have solve each of the major crises of his life. The key collection was h defense against situations that had baffled him in his pa He was trying now to find a way out of his problems inste of attacking the world or himself.

Painting is fun. This guy — I used to think he was a jerk. But he does let me paint, and he fixed my broken wagon. Maybe he's OK.

Jack's first act of cooperation occurred, significantly, with a man. This was the first overt friendliness between Jack and any person other than his favorite houseparent. In this second companionship, Jack did not have to go thru all of the ups and downs he had had with his housefather. Gradually, Jack even began to make friends with the housemothers, and to play easily with the other children.



Oboy, I hit one! C'mon — be a line drive!

After some months of tutoring, Jack went, as most Ridge Farm children do, to the public school in nearby Lake Forest. This, and his growing adjustment in the home situation, brought him closer and closer to recovery. What Ridge Farm undertakes with each child is simultaneously to sustain his schooling and re-educate him emotionally from the level of infancy; success is reached when the child's emotional age is near enough to his intellectual and chronological age, and he can objectively relate his past and present worlds.

See, these are parents — their son's gonna be a baseball star.

In the final therapy sessions, it became evident that Jack wished he could belong to a normal household. After two years at Ridge Farm his only symptoms were rare outbursts and occasional crying in his sleep, when he would call out for his housefather. Eventually, Jack was placed in a foster home where he adjusted with a minimum of difficulty, entering at the age of 12 the rocky period of adolescence with at least average opportunity for a satisfying life. Ridge Farm is an institution with a relatively new idea: the scientific treatment of behavior problems. The Child Welfare League of America estimates that there is only one opening for every 300 children who need residential treatment. The other 299 children must still go to relatives if they will take them, often to reformatories, or back into the home which contains the problems that have already warped them and where continued exposure will probably make the damage permanent.

Mahalia Jackson

Syncopated spirituals on the South Side

by Studs Terkel

One of these mornings

I'm gonna lay down my cross

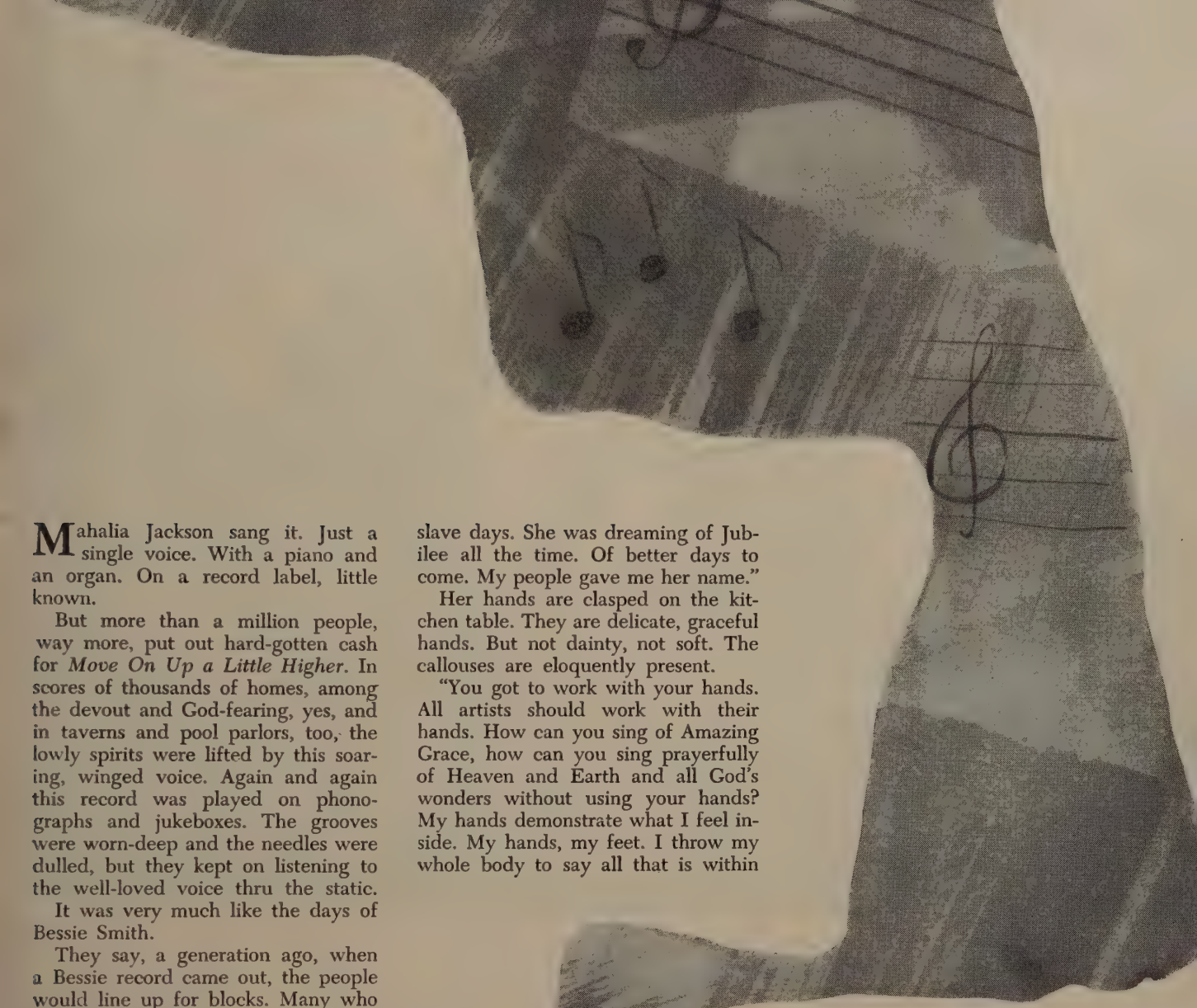
And get my crown.

As soon as my feet strike Zion

I'm gonna lay down my heavy burden.

I'm gonna put on my robes in glory

And move on up a little higher.



Mahalia Jackson sang it. Just a single voice. With a piano and an organ. On a record label, little known.

But more than a million people, way more, put out hard-gotten cash for *Move On Up a Little Higher*. In scores of thousands of homes, among the devout and God-fearing, yes, and in taverns and pool parlors, too, the lowly spirits were lifted by this soaring, winged voice. Again and again this record was played on phonographs and jukeboxes. The grooves were worn-deep and the needles were dulled, but they kept on listening to the well-loved voice thru the static.

It was very much like the days of Bessie Smith.

They say, a generation ago, when a Bessie record came out, the people would line up for blocks. Many who could not afford coal would derive warmth enough from the richness of *Backwater Blues* or *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out*.

They say, today, that if Mahalia Jackson ever took to the blues she'd sound like Bessie Smith; and if Bessie Smith had ever sung gospel she'd have sounded like Mahalia Jackson.

John Hammond calls Mahalia "the greatest folk-singer in the world." And John Hammond has heard the best. He is perhaps America's most respected jazz critic.

Mitch Miller, brilliant oboist turned brilliant executive, has offered her, in the name of Columbia records, a mighty fat contract.

Who is Mahalia? What is she that all these swains commend her? Where did she come from?

The big woman with the gentle face stares out the window of the first floor flat where she lives at 3728 Prairie avenue. She's looking out toward the setting sun, miles away and years ago.

"Mahalia, she was a girl in the slave days. She was dreaming of Jubilee all the time. Of better days to come. My people gave me her name."

Her hands are clasped on the kitchen table. They are delicate, graceful hands. But not dainty, not soft. The callouses are eloquently present.

"You got to work with your hands. All artists should work with their hands. How can you sing of Amazing Grace, how can you sing prayerfully of Heaven and Earth and all God's wonders without using your hands? My hands demonstrate what I feel inside. My hands, my feet. I throw my whole body to say all that is within me. The mind and the voice by themselves are not sufficient . . ."

In Europe, the response was as warm as it had been at home. In London's Albert hall, jampacked, the audience, deeply moved, and the critics, overwhelmed, agreed that "she was remarkable to look at as well as to hear." In Paris and in Copenhagen, where many could not understand the words, they understood the artist. She touched them all, right smack where they lived.

A whimsical story is told of the two Parisian critics, Pannasie and Delaunay. Theirs was a bitter feud, of many years' standing. But on this given day, unbeknown to each other, they simultaneously appeared at the airport to greet Mahalia. And as, with Gallic gallantry, they escorted her to the city, each realized that the other's enthusiasm for the singer matched his own. Thus ended the feud. They dubbed her "The Dove of Peace."

". . . When did I first begin to sing? You might as well ask me when did I

Script writer for Mahalia Jackson's half-hour Sunday evening show on CBS is author Studs Terkel, right.

first begin to walk and talk. When did I first breathe, as far as that goes? In New Orleans, where I lived as a child, I remember singing as I scrubbed the floors. It would make the work go easier. When the old people weren't home, I'd turn on a Bessie Smith record. And play it over and over. *Careless Love*, that was the blues she sang."

Suddenly, her eyes suggested a twinkle: "That was before I was saved. I don't sing the blues now. The blues are fine, but I don't sing them. Just remember, all I'm saying about my listening to Bessie and imitating her when I was a little girl, just remember this was before I was saved.

"I'd play that record over and over again and Bessie's voice would come out so full and round. And I'd make my mouth do the same thing. And before you know, all the people would stand outside the door and listen.

"I don't know what it was at the time. All I know is it would grip me. It would give me that same feeling as when I'd hear the men singing outside as they worked, laying the ties for the railroad. I liked the way Bessie made her tones . . ."

"My father's people were theatrical. They worked with Ma Rainey and Bessie and the other great blues singers. They wanted me to travel with them. But my mother's people were very religious. They forbade it. My mother was so independent, too. They told her I could make what was good money at that time. But she said no. And she didn't have a dime. It's easy to be independent when you got money. But to be independent when you ain't got a dime, that's the Lord's test.

"Sure, somebody's always coming up to me telling me if I'd sing the blues, they'd get all kinds of money for me. Or if I'd sing in a night club, to name my own price. I try to explain to them that I won't think of it. I don't mean to hurt their feelings. These are good people. But I wouldn't feel right singing that kind of music.

"After all, I've been saved. The good Lord has helped me in so many ways and I can't let Him down. Just two years ago, He spared me. Remember?"

Two years ago Mahalia, gaunt and emaciated, lay in a bed at Billings hospital. It was a most critical ailment, affecting her chest and thus her voice. And thus her life. For this woman was born to sing, and without singing her life would have no meaning. That Mahalia pulled thru, and now sings better than ever, she attributes to God's amazing grace.

Lots of people think Mahalia is a little impractical because she won't sing anything but gospel. But Big Bill Broonzy, the king of the blues singers, said, "It ain't right for Mahalia to be asked to sing the blues. She's the queen of all the gospel singers. They all respect her because she sticks to her beliefs.

"I feel funny when they put me on the same platform with her. It don't seem right. 'Course, you know Mahalia. She don't complain about it 'cause that's the way she is. I guess it's all right, tho, if we're on two

separate parts of the program. Like that time in Oxford, England. Those Englishmen liked the both of us. Just between you and me, I don't think they knew the difference. But they were very nice just the same.

"No, Mahalia shouldn't be made to sing the blues. They should just let her sing only what she believes and feels inside. Without feeling, there's nothin'. That goes for all kinds of music."

The big woman with the gentle face reminisces in her rich contralto: "I was in my teens when my family sent me up to Chicago to study. What do you mean *what* music school? *Music?* I never studied music in my life. That took money. We didn't have it. Beauty culture is what I studied. When I was coming up to Chicago, I prayed the Lord would put me on the right track and not meet those bad gangsters.

"Up here, I worked in the laundry of a big house of a very wealthy lady on 67th and Maryland. My mother worked there as the cook. I learned all I know about Louisiana cooking from her. People tell me I can sing. But nobody has to tell me I can cook. I know I can. Sometime you must try my red beans and rice. And my gumbo . . .

"I joined the Greater Salem Baptist church. One Sunday at choir rehearsal, I sang so loud it drowned out the other 49 voices. I got that from David of the Bible. Remember what he said? Sing joyfully unto the Lord with a loud voice. I took his advice.

"Down in New Orleans, we called it singing with a bounce. In the choir down there, we used to sing: 'Hand me down my silver trumpet, Gabriel, hand it down, throw it down, anyway you get it down, hand me down my silver trumpet, Lord.' It bounced. In other words, it had jolliness, joyfulness, a complete freedom of rhythm to it.

"I don't know how many churches I've sung in. Hundreds, I guess. I can't count them. All the way from little store front churches to big ones like the Olivet Baptist. Oh sure, I've sung anywhere people asked me to sing. I've got to have people to sing to. In front of me. I got to see their faces. Their response. Oh yes, even when I close my eyes I see them.

"I can't explain why I close my eyes when I sing a soulful song. I suppose it's because I don't want to lose what's inside me all at once."

The doorbell rang. It was a blind basso and four women singers. They were a gospel group from Washington, D.C. Just passing thru. They had dropped in to rehearse. Mahalia's piano was available.

The doorbell rings often. And the telephone. There are always visitors. Not just Mildred Falls, Mahalia's warm-hearted and sensitive accompanist. It might be The Princess, a fine singer in her own right. Or Willa Jones. Or Alice from upstairs. Or Brother James, a hep disk jockey from Dayton. Or Johnny Sellers or Robert Anderson, two fine young talents. It is talent respecting talent. It's nothing more than a matter of reflex for ministers from all parts of the country, gospel singers, acquaintances and strangers to drop in on Mahalia. She belongs to them.

She belongs to the people she passes on the street. The old lady with the heavy shopping bag who effusively greets "Mahaly." The cab driver, the waiter, the garage mechanic, the young school teacher, the pretty girl who makes the sandwiches at a drive-in. They stop to tell her they have heard her at such and such a church, that she is a friend of an aunt or a cousin or a neighbor, that they have worn out her recording of *Even Me.*

These are the people who, on a hot Sunday afternoon in August, 1952, lined the streets of Dayton, Ohio, to participate in a Mahalia Jackson Day parade . . . thousands and thousands. Where had they come from? Dayton is not that big. Brother James explains that they came from miles around. It was at the time *In the Upper Room* sold about a million. A short time before, there had been a parade in the same city for President Harry Truman, but Mahalia's was the bigger turnout.

These are the people who jam-packed the Ponce De Leon baseball park in Atlanta beyond its capacity of 21,000 to hear her.

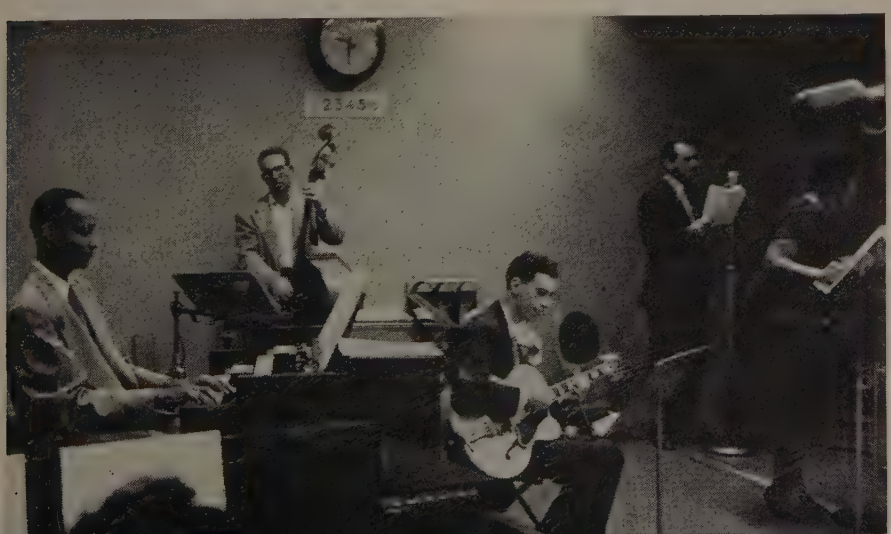
These are the people who filled Carnegie hall on five different occasions, who broke whatever records Toscanini and Benny Goodman had set there.

These people are being joined by quite a few more; Mahalia's songs on her own weekly network show this winter, and a new recording contract, are spreading both her gospel and her fame. In this worldly sense at least, Mahalia herself will no doubt again and again "move on up a little higher."

photos by David Jackson

designed by Carl Schranz

Recording sessions are lively and well-attended. It is not only Mahalia's big, rich voice they like, but her expansive personality, her antics and asides. Accompanied by jazz musicians, she sings religious songs with "bounce." At one of the first recording sessions Mahalia said, "CBS may be too cold for me. I'll get fired someday when the spirit touches me and makes me sing right on overtime."



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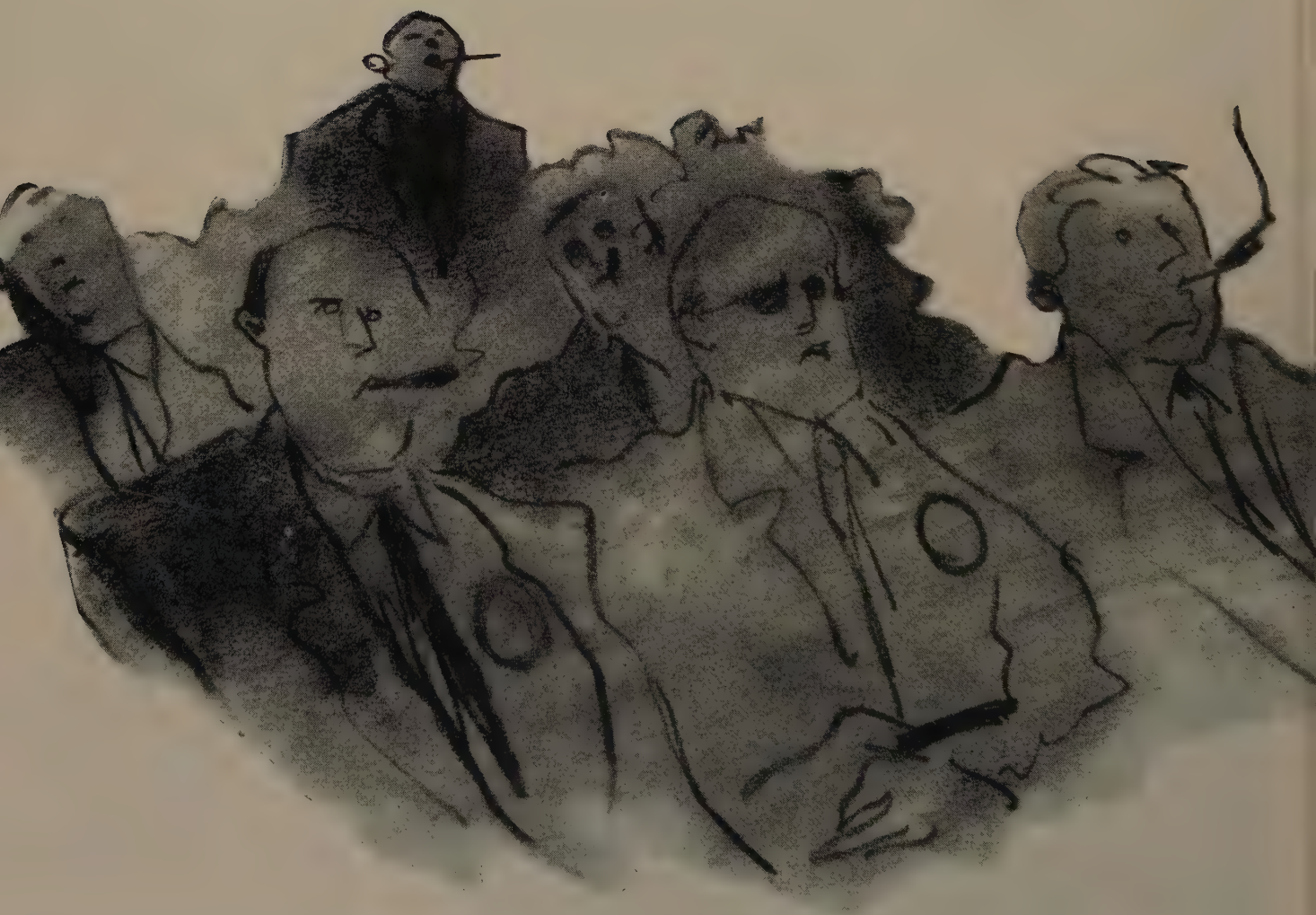


MEETING

by Alan Whitney

drawings by C. Oldenburg

A hundred neighborhood halls make up the political circuit, with melodrama and vaudeville as weekly campaign features

Dialogue is less than Shakesperean, but melodrama, pathos and comic relief reach new heights each week as the pageant of grass roots democracy is enacted once more in a hundred little theaters sprinkled from Sheridan road to 113th street.

It is the season of the ward political meeting, a peculiarly American folkway that has found its most piquant manifestations along the local rialto, where boards worn smooth by Big Bill Thompson and J. Hamilton Lewis are now trod capably by such accomplished thespians as Paul Douglas and Edgar Jonas, George Quilici and John William Chapman.

Beginning right after Labor Day, the prolonged biennial extravaganza hits a frenzied climax on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November, when the reviews written at the polling places bring joy to 50 of the theaters and gloom to an equal number of competing houses.

The stages on which these only slightly rehearsed dramas are played are located in the headquarters of the Regular Republican and Regular Democratic organizations of the city's 50 wards; the casts consist of scores of candidates for offices high and low; the directors are the ward committeemen of the two parties, and the audiences are the precinct captains, the infantrymen of political warfare.

Weekly ward meetings have been held here during campaigns as long as there have been political organizations, and they show no signs of abating in vigor or volume. This would not be remarkable except for the fact that they probably aren't really necessary.

Aside from the histrionics, a ward meeting functions chiefly to inform the precinct captains as to the qualifications and claims of their candidates, the issues the party is stressing in the campaign, electoral laws and procedures, and techniques to be followed in contacting voters. These subjects could be covered adequately in a small booklet distributed by mail or at a single meeting at the beginning of the campaign.

Probably the actual *raison d'etre* of the ward meeting is the same as that of a pep rally preceding a college football game. The rally becomes an end in itself, something to be cherished despite the fact it is no substitute for an agile, beefy line. And politicians, cynical as they sometimes are, derive the same psychological satisfaction from assembling weekly with their fellow partisans to hear themselves exhorted and the opposition scathed.

Certain candidates and office-holders are especially adept at exhortation, scathing or other oratorical flourishes, and they are likely to be greeted by thunderous applause when they arrive at a ward headquarters. Republi-

WARD MEETING

can Mayor Thompson may have titillated the balcony when he compared his opponents to livestock and threatened the king of England with fisticuffs. And Democratic Senator Lewis was unquestionably a romantic figure with his red beard and frock coat. However, neither party suffers today from any shortage of leaders who, in one way or another, make an interesting platform appearance.

Instead of the Thompsonian device of using live rats to represent his adversaries, Democratic Senator Paul Douglas, up for re-election this month, employed an empty chair very successfully as a mock opponent during his last campaign. Disdaining use of a microphone, he would stride back and forth in front of the chair, shaking his unruly gray mane vigorously and propounding embarassing questions in the incongruously soft accents of his native New England.

Edgar Jonas, a dignified, white-haired former judge now completing his third term as a Republican Congressman from the Far North Side, can pile parenthetical phrases and subordinate clauses to dizzying heights, never finishing one before he starts another. His voice grows sharper and his eyes flash as a sentence goes on and on, and it seems that the whole grammatical structure must soon crash about his ears. But, without even taking a deep breath, he always seems to be able to find what at least sounds like the right place for a period.

George Quilici, a veteran Democratic judge in the Municipal court, has an acid tongue and a penchant for painting the Republican party as the worst thing that has happened to Western civilization since Attila the Hun. In private life a gentle man who delights in classical music and tournament bridge, Judge Quilici fairly breathes fire when he tells a group of cheering Democrats how the GOP invented sin.

John William Chapman, a former alderman who is now lieutenant governor in the Republican state administration, has the loudest voice in Illinois, if not in the world, altho there is probably no truth to the rumor that he campaigned in every county without leaving Springfield.

There is a lot of unintentional comedy on the political circuit, but also plenty of deliberate jesting. Nearly every speaker includes a joke or two in his remarks, and a few officeholders specialize in humorous discourse.

Jay Schiller, a Democratic Municipal judge, purveys the Jack Benny paranoia type of comedy, recalling his boyhood and professional career as a long series of misadventures. Joseph McGarry, another Democrat who sits on the city tribunal, features more of a Bob Hope stand-up comedian act, and some of his material is pretty fresh. The late Republican State Senator William G. Knox was fond of lampooning the leaders of the ward organizations he addressed.

Of course not all of the speakers at ward meetings are notable for some eccentricity of style. Each party has a number of men who are skilled at orderly presentation of cogent arguments. Among them are Sidney R. Yates, Democratic Congressman from the Near North Side; Benjamin M. Becker, Northwest Side Democratic alderman; and Archibald J. Carey, Allen A. Freeman and Herbert F. Geisler, Republican members of the city council.

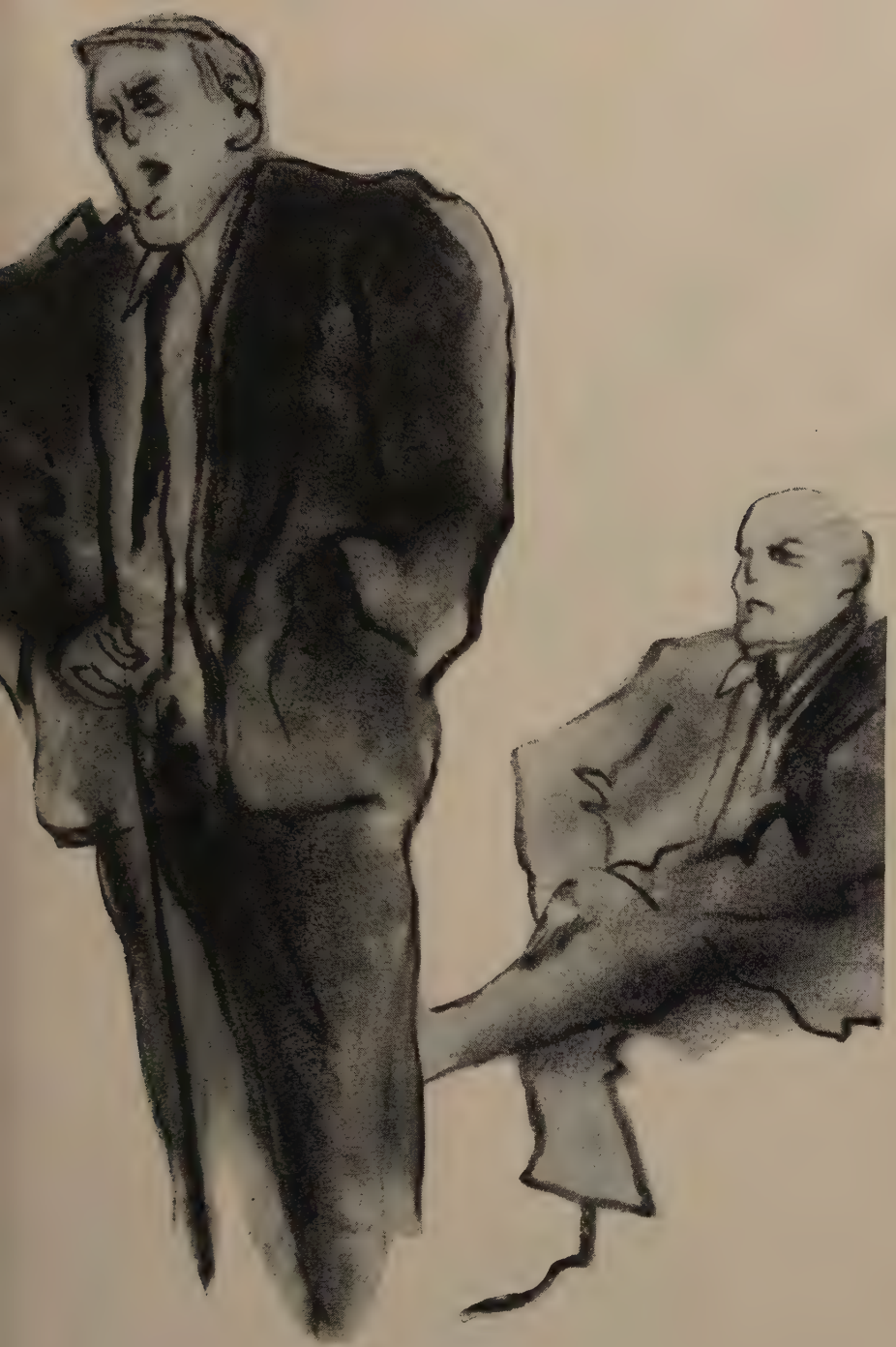
It is often true, however, especially among the minor ward officials, that where politics is a man's forte, the English language is his piano. Thus the captains at a recent meeting on the North Side were told to support the "candidates represented under the bannership of this party" and informed that the opposition "are doing a very gross misjustice of the law." Dan Gilbert, the gold-plated policeman who was the Democratic nominee for sheriff in 1950, told scores of ward gatherings that they should elect "the man wit' the w'erewit' t' do the job." And a backer once called Mayor Kennelly a "gentleman of impeachable character."

The key figure in a ward organization and at a ward meeting is the ward committeeman. Altho these functionaries are sometimes referred to in the trade as "ward comedians," their authority and influence on the personnel and processes of government on every level is awesome, rather than amusing.

In each party the committeemen of the 50 wards and 30 surburban townships constitute the Cook County Central committee, which picks candidates and directs campaigns on the county level. A city central committee consisting only of the representatives of the Chicago wards bears a similar relationship to the mayoralty and other municipal offices. A party's candidate for Congress is chosen by the committeemen of wards that lie within his district.

The ward committeeman of each party is elected at the primary in every Presidential year by the registered voters of his party. (He may, and usually does, hold a public office as well—alderman, Congressman, etc.) He has virtually absolute power over party affairs within the ward. Legally he cannot even be removed from office by higher party officials. However, he can be effectively deposed by cutting off his control of political jobs and other influence. This step is rarely taken, but a committeeman tries to get along well with the members of his ward organization anyway, lest they get together and sponsor a rival at the next election.

The rank and file of a ward organization consists of a captain and perhaps one or two assistants for each



precinct, of which there are usually between 70 and 120, depending on the population of the ward. There are about 72,000 people to a ward, or somewhat less than a thousand per precinct. All precinct workers are appointed by the committeeman and serve at his pleasure. (Outside Cook County each precinct elects its own committeeman.)

The ward organization has its own officers, who are in effect appointed by the committeeman, altho many wards go thru the formality of electing them unanimously. The most important of these officials are the president, who is usually a kind of general administrative assistant to the committeeman, and the secretary, who is in charge of distribution of the large amount of printed matter used by the group for one purpose or another.

The identity of the precinct captains varies considerably from one ward to another. In a well-to-do area many of them are likely to be lawyers who are rewarded by preferential treatment in the halls of government and hope eventually to be appointed or elected to office. A ward low on the economic scale draws its captains mostly from those holding or seeking routine government jobs that are not under civil service.

The precinct captain performs the difficult and vital task of "selling" his "product," the party's candidates, to the voters and then getting the voters to the polls. One who does it exceptionally well is certain to be amply rewarded by the organization. In fact, there are a few who sell their services to the highest bidder and switch parties every couple of years in order to better their stations. This is rare, however; most captains exhibit definite party loyalty and will stick with one side thru good years and bad.

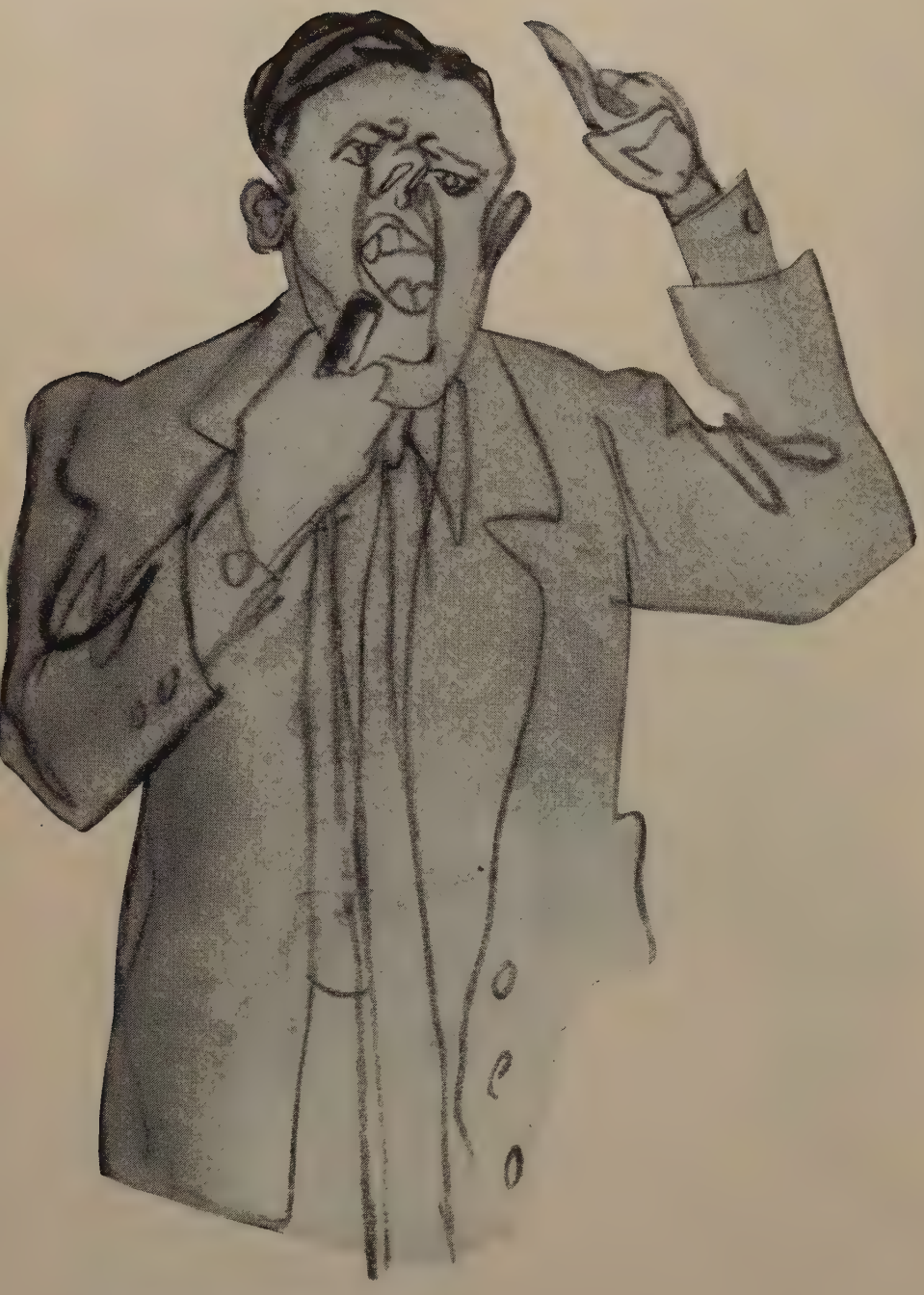
One of the big concerns of the organizations in every ward is the proper handling of what they call, with unconscious accuracy, the "nationalistic groups." A candidate who is an accomplished campaigner makes it a point to know the predominant nationality in each ward so as to be sure to touch on any issues of particular interest to that group in the course of his remarks. If his own extraction matches that of his hosts, he will make that clear. If it doesn't, he will often tell a joke on his own "nationalistic" group to show that he isn't thin-skinned about it.

Great pains are taken to balance a slate of candidates among the various ethnic groups. And whenever a "non-partisan citizens committee" is organized to lend nominal support to a candidate, similar equilibrium must be sought. On one occasion an officer in a ward organization was looking for a Swedish name to put on such a committee. He called an influential resident of the community, one Hjalmar Peterson, and asked him to permit the use of his name. Peterson refused. When the list of committee members was published including that of "Hjalmar Peterson," the latter was quite displeased and called the politician to say so. "Oh, that isn't you," he was told. "That's a different Hjalmar Peterson."

A ward meeting held during the height of a campaign is likely to find as many as ten candidates turning up for short talks during the course of the evening. A fast moving candidate may make six or seven meetings in one night. Some campaigners vary their speeches considerably according to where they are talking. Others say practically the same thing on each stop. During the battle for the Republican U.S. Senatorial nomination last spring, one of the candidates, Park Livingston, gave the same speech so many times that late in the evening he would unconsciously recite it in the sing-song rhythm of a child who has memorized the words but not the meaning of a poem.

Whatever kind of speech a candidate gives at a ward meeting, it is customary for him to begin by paying his respects to "my old friend," the committeeman. In a substantial percentage of cases, the "old friend's" name is pronounced wrong, and once in a while he even gets the one that belongs to the man in the next ward.

It is very unusual for a candidate to mention his opponent's name, even



WARD MEETING

among the party faithful at a ward meeting. (It's considered a good, tho antique, joke to pretend it's slipped his mind.) The theory here is the same as that of a repetitious radio commercial: The more a name is heard the more likely it is to be purchased or voted for.

Candidates who make long speeches don't ingratiate themselves with the precinct captains. And an even worse offender is the one who announces that he'll only say a few words and then spends 20 minutes telling the group exactly what he'd like to discuss when he has more time.

There is, of course, no such thing as a typical ward organization, but the highly competitive rival groups in the 45th ward display in bold relief many of the ingredients that give Chicago politics its distinctive flavor.

This ward lies east of the North branch of the river about five miles out from the Loop. The community is old, having been part of the town of Lake View before it was annexed to Chicago; it is populated by lower middle class folk, with Germans constituting the major ethnic group. The ward committeemen, Charles H. Weber and Charles J. Fleck, both were born of German families in the neighborhood.

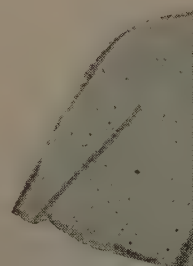
Weber, the leader of 45th ward Democracy, is a short, stocky, broad-shouldered man about 60. His hair is white in front and dark at the back, and his face is florid and deeply creased. His movements are quick and he looks alternately jolly and harassed. For many years he has has been a state representative from the 6th Senatorial district, which runs north from his ward and then juts east to include Evanston. He is elected to this post automatically every two years. The Democrats nominate only him and the Republicans, who are in the majority, run two men. Thus there is no contest for the district's three seats in the lower house of the state legislature.

Weber's father, Joe, was Democratic committeeman before him, and his name has been given to the hall where the party's ward organization holds its meetings. The hall is located at the rear of a tavern, a restaurant and a real estate office owned by Charlie Weber. Within a few blocks are his bowling alley and gas station and the office of the monthly community newspaper he publishes.

The Democratic committeeman has a lot of money and he spends it freely. Every year he invites all of the children of the community to a free day at Riverview park, in which he is also interested. He has paid for the paving of public alleys and the outfitting of playlots for general use. During the Depression he had his own relief station for distributing food to the poor.

Charlie Weber is unquestionably the best known citizen of his community, a role which he enjoys to the hilt. His leadership of the ward organization is also highly personalized, with his power and energy serving as a group symbol and rallying point. At city or state rallies and conventions the members of his organization sport huge buttons bearing his name; they carry special banners declaring their loyalty and affection; they march along to the accompaniment of the Charles H. Weber children's drum and bugle corps.

The precinct captains are enthusiastic participants in such flamboyancies, and many of them like to improvise their own implements of political contention. The results of these individual efforts are not uniformly



successful. Once a worker flooded his precinct with cards reading "Charles H. Weber recommends to vote straight Democratic." On another occasion, a captain painted a huge sign that was displayed at a dance. In two-foot capital letters it urged supporting John Gutknecht for state's attorney in furtherance of "HONESTY, INTEGRITY, JUSTIC."

Joe Weber hall conforms to the captains' attitude that there is something special about the 45th Ward Regular Democratic organization. With ceramic tile walls, asphalt tile floors and the latest lighting and loudspeaker equipment, it stands several cuts above the old, cramped headquarters used by most ward groups.

Committeeman Weber's talent for making the dramatic gesture has often stood him in good stead at ward meetings. During one campaign he was expecting Mayor Kennelly to put in an appearance at a Monday night session. The other speakers came and talked and left and the large crowd began getting restless. Weber was bent on keeping everyone there until the mayor arrived. Door prizes are a regular feature at his meetings, but he had already raffled off that night's supply. Suddenly he had an inspiration. He called Eagle River, Wisconsin, and got former Mayor Edward J. Kelly on the phone. The hall's amplifying system was then hooked up to the receiver and Kelly was asked to say a few words, which were "broadcast" to the crowd.

Oratory was never one of Kelly's strong points, even when he had a chance to rehearse, so his message on this occasion was certainly no forensic masterpiece. But it gave the people something to talk about and they were pleased. Kelly's successor at the city hall still had not shown up, however, and the problem of keeping the house full remained.

Finally Weber remembered that there was a product available nearby which could well serve as door prize material. He had a lieutenant go into the tavern and get a hundred one-dollar bills. These were raffled off very methodically, and just as they ran out Kennelly arrived. Weber promptly bought him a short beer, which he quaffed to the delight of the precinct captains.

Weber doesn't miss the smallest opportunity for showmanship. One of his precinct captains complained to him at an organization picnic last summer that everybody was trying to run it – there were all chiefs and no Indians. At the first ward meeting of the campaign this fall, Weber presented him with a chief's headdress and introduced him as the world's only Italian Indian.

Charlie Fleck, Weber's Republican counterpart in the 45th ward, is a large man in his middle 40's with a prominent nose and a talent for making political gambles that pay off. He worked his way thru law school and up from the ranks to political power.

In 1952 Fleck defied the entire Republican organization of Cook county by supporting William G. Stratton for the GOP gubernatorial nomination. Many of his precinct captains were fired from their payroll jobs and some of them deserted to form their own ward organization with the support of top county leaders.

Then Stratton won the nomination and the election and Fleck advanced several notches up the political ladder in one jump. He was appointed public administrator of Cook county, which is the most lucrative patronage office in the state.

Altho he also has an aggressive personality, Fleck runs his ward organization on a less personal basis than does Weber. His appeal to the precinct captains tends to stress not loyalty to him or the organization, but their own self interest. The more offices the Republicans win, he reminds them, the more jobs there will be – and the available jobs will go to the 45th ward organization in proportion to the size of the vote it brings out.

Fleck is rather determinedly lowbrow in the presence of his organization, an attitude which seems to have the approval of its members.

Thus they may have felt complimented one night when, introducing a candidate who was a Harvard graduate, he said, "Some of you may have had friends who went to universities, so you know how hard it is." He went on to say that altho most people who go to Harvard are Communists, this fellow was a good Republican.

Not much given to oratory, Fleck enjoys speaking as much as the next politician once he gets wound up. One night he played host to an officeholder from a neighboring ward with whom he had formed an *ad hoc* mutual admiration society. He began lavishing praise on the guest, summoning up the full resources of his vocabulary, piling compliment on compliment until he had listed every virtue but mother love. Both he and the beneficiary had burst out laughing by the time Fleck turned to him and said, "I want to be sure you get everything that's coming to you here tonight."

This ability to laugh at their own foibles may be what makes it possible for the politicians not only to tolerate ward meetings but to enjoy them.

The ward meeting brings a vital element of fun to a deadly serious branch of show business, one whose ultimate goal is not mere critical or box office success, but control of the most powerful government on earth.

November 2 and the BLUE BALLOT

THE BIGGEST ISSUE IS NO

Seldom has representative government been obtainable so cheaply as on November 2, 1954. That is the date when the people of Illinois may acquire it merely for the asking. They need storm no barricades, level no Bastilles, climb no Bunker Hills. All they have to do is go to the polls and vote for passage of the proposed amendment to sections 6, 7 and 8 of article IV of the state constitution.

Equitable representation in the state legislature began slipping away about 40 years ago, and by now has practically disappeared.

The present Illinois constitution, adopted in 1870, provides that members of the General Assembly be elected from 51 senatorial districts of approximately equal population. Each district has one senator and three representatives. Boundaries of the districts were to be changed by the legislature every ten years in order to keep up with population trends and insure an equal voice in government for all citizens.

This system worked out fine until the early years of the 20th century. As counties grew and came to have greater percentages of the state's total population, they were given more senatorial districts. In thinly populated rural areas, districts tended to become larger and fewer. By 1901, Cook county had about 37 per cent of the state's inhabitants, so they were given 19 of the 51 districts in the reapportionment of that year.

In 1911 it was time for another redistricting. Only nothing happened. Downstate legislators, knowing that a fair reapportionment would cost some of them their jobs, blocked all attempts at changing the boundaries.

The years rolled by and the defiance of the constitution that began in 1911 continued and grew more blatant. Citizens wanting to preserve democratic government in their state sought redress in the courts. But it was ruled that the judiciary was powerless to defend the constitution. The courts could tell the General Assembly to reapportion, but they could not tell it how to do so, because that would be a legislative function.

As a result of this legal impasse, there has been no reapportionment in 53 years. Cook county now has more than half of the state's population, but it still has only 19 of the 51 senators in Springfield and 57 of the 153 members of the lower house.

Denial of proper representation to the Chicago area is only one of several bad results of the breakdown of constitutional government in Illinois. Within Cook county there are gross inequities in representation. The 7th district, which includes most of the suburban area, is the largest legislative district in the world, with a population of over 700,000. The 25th district, embracing most of the Northwest Side, has nearly 600,000 inhabitants. On the other hand the 15th and 17th districts, on the West Side, each has fewer than 50,000 residents. A voter who lives at Roosevelt and Halsted has 18 times as big a voice in the General Assembly as one in Chicago Heights or Wilmette.

There is unequal representation within the downstate area, too. The 41st district, which consists of Du Page and Will counties, has a population of nearly 300,000; the 51st district, located in the "Egypt" region at the south end of the state, has only about 75,000 residents.

Looking over this sorry situation in recent years, civic leaders concluded that a constitutional amendment offered the only solution. Such an amendment was passed by the legislature at its last session and will be on the special blue ballot at this month's election, along with two other proposed amendments.

The reapportionment amendment recognizes downstate objections to having Cook county control the legislature completely. Accordingly, it would set up a system similar to that of Congress, with the senate to be elected from districts based on area, and the house from other zones divided according to population.

The number of senatorial districts would be increased to 58, with Chicago getting 18 of them, as at present; suburban Cook county receiving six, an increase of five; and downstate obtaining 34, a gain of two. The boundaries of these districts would be determined by the legislature in 1955

1. White wool jersey. The cowl collar can be pulled over the head for a snug fitting hood. At Field's. $10.95.
2. "Safety Pin" belt. In leather and brass. Field's. $5.
3. Ascot and gloves. Of bright red, blue or white worsted, with gold thread to add glamor. Lytton's. $4.50.
4. When feet get cold, relax in red wool after-ski or after-skating socks. Field's. $3.95.
5. A big hand will go to this little hand warmer. Glows without flame all day on an insignificant amount of fuel. V L & A. $2.50.
6. Eisenhower jacket in pastel dyed sheared beaver or fox. This one is pink with brown knit and pearl buttons. Irving Morris Furs.
7. Authentic mackinaw plaid Bermuda-length skirt, fully lined with black cotton. Has its own black shorts — comforting in case of a spill on the ice. Field's. $17.95.
8. This talented compressed cork decoy has a duck call concealed in its head, to which is attached 50 feet of rubber tubing and a rubber squeeze bulb. V L & A. $16.
9. The enthusiastic hunter will welcome the all-new Winchester Model 50 automatic shotgun which, unlike other automatics, has a stationary barrel. V L & A. $120.50.
10. For keeping warm yet chic, whether participating or observing, this youthful shortie will be a favored wrap. Greige sheared beaver. Uhlemann's. $695 plus tax.

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BROADCAST FROM ATOP THE OAK PARK ARMS HOTEL

Oak Park, Illinois

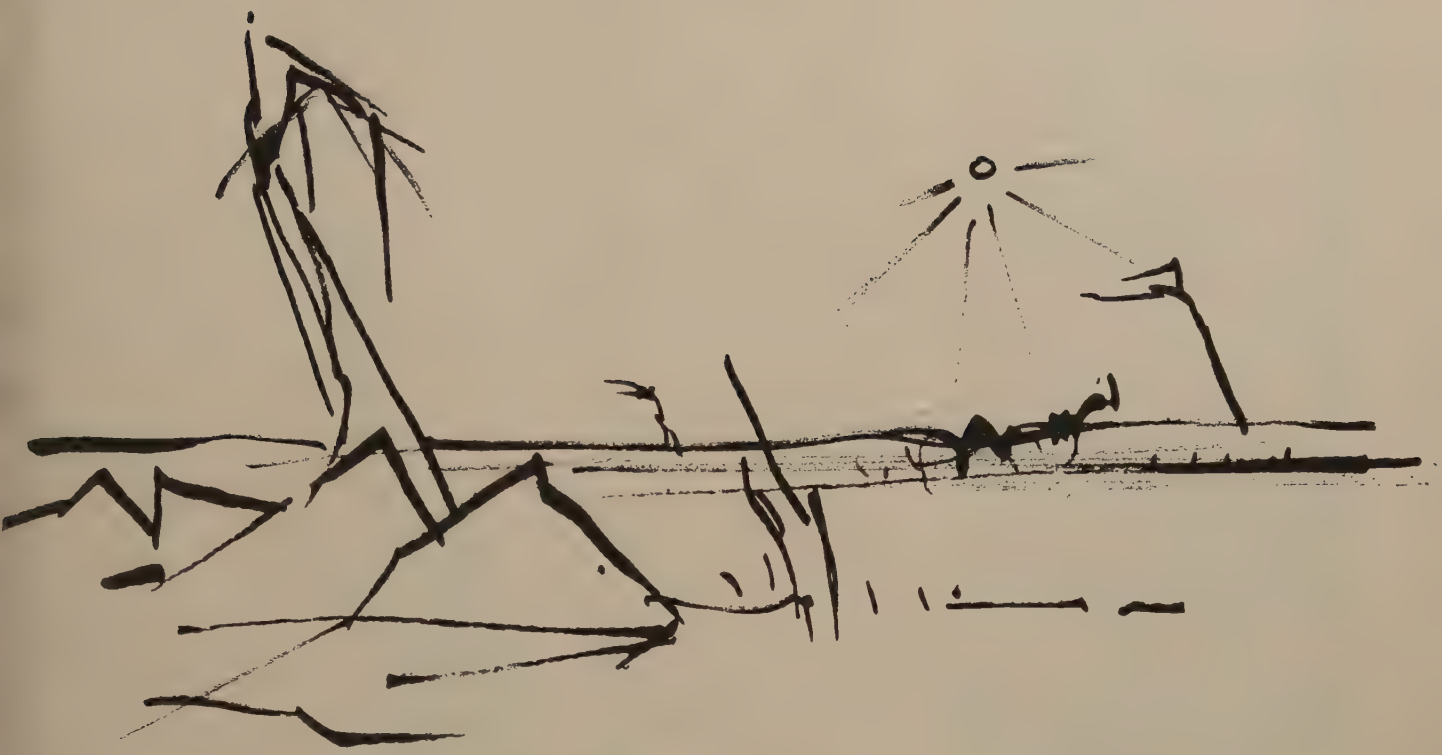
Village 8-5760

As we were

75 YEARS AGO: Zachariah Chandler, U. S. Senator from Michigan and former Secretary of the Interior, in town to address a Civil War veterans group in November, 1879, died suddenly in his suite in the Grand Pacific hotel . . . Republican **William T. Johnson** led his party to victory in the county election, rolling up 29,824 votes to 21,209 for his Democratic rival, John Guerin, in the race for treasurer . . . General U. S. Grant got a tumultuous welcome when he arrived here after a world tour. Practically everybody attended a big parade for the former President, and pickpockets had a field day, as did the **Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Co.,** which proudly advertised that it had provided the landau in which the distinguished visitor rode.

50 YEARS AGO: Burton Holmes began a series of travelogues at the Auditorium in November, 1904 . . . The first **voting machine** ever used in Illinois was tried out in a Hyde Park precinct . . . Police arrested 22 West Side matrons in a raid on a handbook operating in the back room of **Caesar Del Pino's saloon** at Madison and Peoria. Eight other housewives escaped thru a side door . . . Four persons were killed and 20 injured when the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Co. plant at 73rd and South Chicago blew up . . . Six thousand outstanding animals were displayed in the 5th annual International Live Stock exposition in the Dexter Park pavilion at 42nd and Halsted.

25 YEARS AGO: Henry A. Berger, a trustee of the Chicago Sanitary district, was killed in November, 1929, when he was struck by a half-ton stone that slipped from a hoist on the 34th floor of the new office building rising at 1 north La Salle street . . . The $20,000,000 **Civic Opera House** opened with Rosa Raisa singing the lead in "Aida" . . . Gloria Swanson visited the second grade classroom at Hawthorne school, where she had been a pupil 30 years earlier. Her new picture, "The Trespasser," was showing at the United Artists . . . The cornerstone was laid for the $1,800,000 **Lying-In hospital** at the University of Chicago, and plans were announced for a $2,000,000 International House on the Midway.



The Trespasser

a story by Curt Johnson

drawings by C. Oldenburg

You go west and a little south from De Valls Bluff and eventually come to Little Rock. Little Rock is the capital of Arkansas and the town swarms with lawyers; they take their politics seriously in the South.

You go east and a little north from the Bluff and there is Brinkley and Forrest City and more like them and finally Memphis. Memphis calls itself the cotton capital of the world, but its real claim to fame is W. C. Handy, altho you don't hear too much about him in Memphis.

What the cab drivers there do talk about is the beauty of their girls. "Be downtown about eleven or twelve tonight," they tell you, "and see what a real Southern belle looks like." And the Memphis girls are good-looking.

Forrest City and Brinkley and the rest of them have their points of civic pride, also. In Forrest City it's the duck hunting on the Languille bottoms. The limit is four in season, but if you live in Forrest City you go out and come back with 20 and 30 and go out again.

To be truthful, tho, there is said to be even better shooting at Stuttgart and farther south. But most civic claims are open to question.

Except one. There is a town in the general vicinity of De Valls Bluff which is able to boast without fear of being contradicted. This town has a V. D. rate of 33 in every 100, the highest in the United States according to government count.

But in De Valls Bluff the boosters are on the usual shaky ground. They make their statements but nothing can be proved. In the Bluff they brag about the White river fishing. The White river runs just east of the town and there is supposed to be some of the best fishing in the world there. Blue channel cat and bass and bream and — for those who want them — alligator gar.

Fishing for alligator gar is done for the sport of it. You hook one and it comes boiling up out of the water, fighting. It sounds and then runs at you, gills open, and surfaces again and sounds and so on. But when it's landed all you have is a long, heavy, ugly catch of scales. You don't eat gar.

Some fishers from the northern states, like Minnesota and Wisconsin, maintain that the gar is only an overgrown dogfish. They profess to think very little of it.

But you can say this for the gar: it does give you a workout and it is mean. There are those who go out especially for it. Nevertheless, when they boast in De Valls Bluff about fishing on the White river they mean the bass and the blue channel cat. And they boast about the White river quite a lot in De Valls Bluff.

The White river is not only a source of pride in the Bluff, however. It has caused plenty of trouble there, also. It crowds over its banks and floods the lowlands. It used to be that at times even the highway into town would be flooded over.

When the river subsides it leaves small ponds and miniature lakes behind it and these hold captive fish which are easy feeding for those gars which are also left behind.

De Valls Bluff itself is situated on high ground, so the citizens of the Bluff do not have to worry much about being flooded out. And the townspeople

like to fish the ponds since there is less food in them than in the river and, therefore, better fishing. But there are people on the east bank, the low side, who are inconvenienced very much by the flooding.

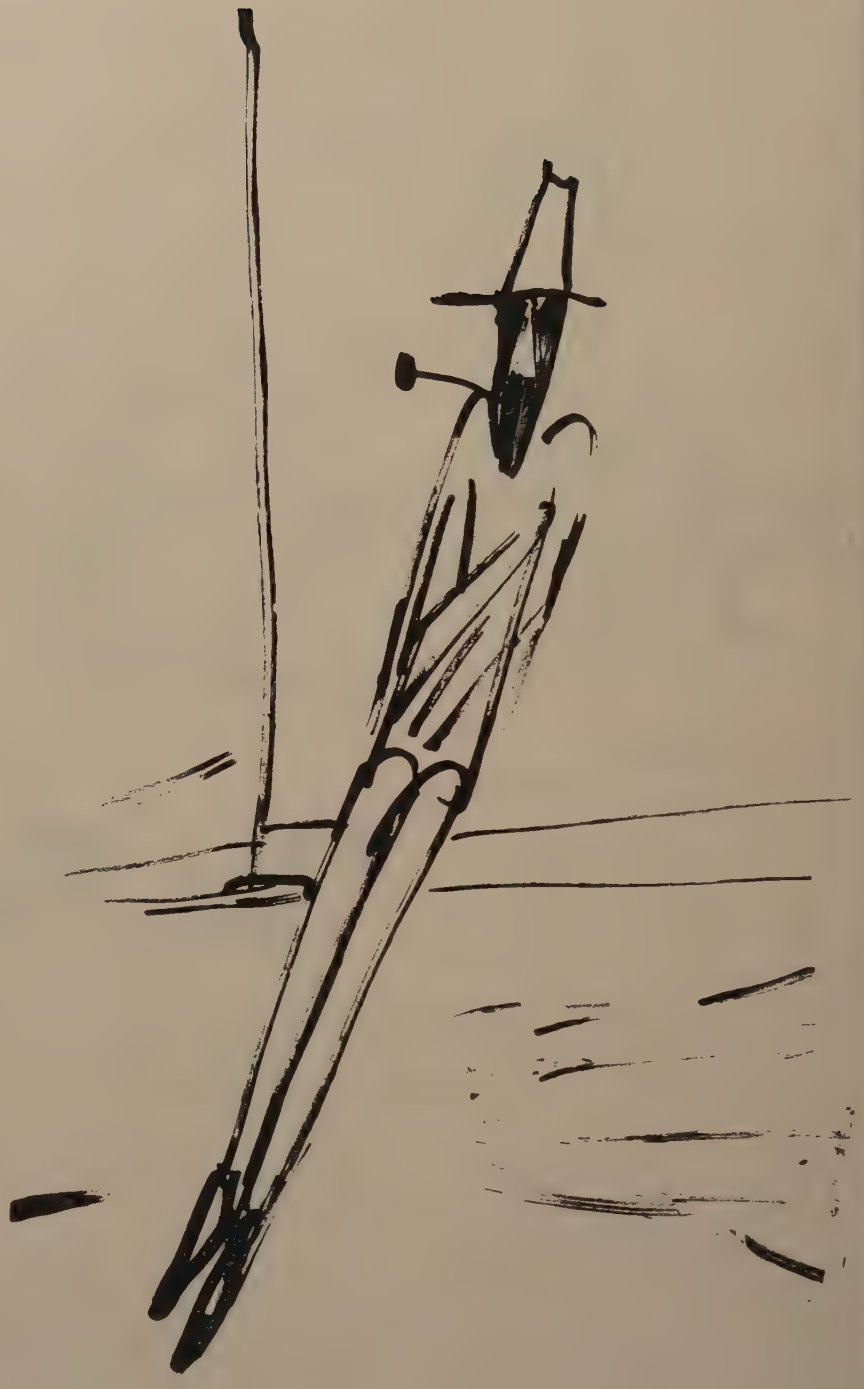
One old man, elderly at least, had a shack in the timber a little over 200 yards from the east bank and every year he had a bad time of it with the river. In really bad years, since the new highway, you could get to his shack over land only two or three weeks out of the year.

This man, Thomas, had been in France during the first World War. When he came back, he worked as a handyman in the Bluff. The depression forced him to move his wife and belongings out of town across the river to government land. Living on government land was free.

He built a house from mill scraps and next to the house he built an eight-foot-square tank from old metal road signs. He stocked the tank with worms and went into business. This was during the depression. Every day he sat beneath a tarp stretched between the house and the tank waiting for customers. He developed an extraordinary sense of patience; his wife with him.

When the old highway was still in use and a fisherman wanted a nickel's worth of worms he turned off the highway to "Buzz's Place." The sign spelled it BUS'S PLASE.

The people in the Bluff called him "Buzz" because of a year he had spent in Forrest City working part-time in the box-factory there. He liked his nickname so he used it in his business.



AT THE BOTTOM of the depression, the White river, during one of its floods, threatened to change its course entirely. When it went down again the army engineers were called in.

The engineers lined the banks with rip-rap and sank rock on mats in the river and drove pilings and after that the river held its course.

Then the engineers paved a section of new highway paralleling the old on higher ground to the south and finished the whole project by constructing a new bridge into the Bluff.

Thomas worked 15 hours a day during the construction as a night watchman guarding the engineers' equipment. Other than his military service years before, it was the only steady job he ever held.

When the work was completed, he went back to his chair under the tarp. Only from the new highway there was no convenient turn-off to his stand, so business dropped to almost nothing.

The army, as a reward for its efforts in checking the river, was permitted to use the abandoned section of the old highway in a demolition exercise. The next year its experts were back in the Bluff. They buried several tons of high explosives under the old highway and moved Thomas and his wife into temporary quarters over the rear of a tavern in town. Then they set off their charges.

There was a loud explosion and many fish in the ponds next to the old highway were killed by the concussion, but not much real damage was done except that the reinforcing rods in the old highway were left jutting from its surface.

When the army left, Thomas and his wife moved back to their home. They cleaned up the litter in their yard and shored up the roof of their house, which had been left with a slight sag by the force of the explosion, and things were back to normal for them.

Except, their house was now completely cut off from the new highway by the snarl of reinforcing rods in the abandoned section of the old road. Thomas got rid of almost his whole stock of worms and turned for a livelihood to turtle trapping and fishing.

When they built the new highway, the engineers had excavated earth from near the old road and used it for the grade on the new. This meant that now the ponds were so deep that when the river flooded they remained practically the year 'round.

Thomas' shack was on a swell of

ground beside the river and remained fairly dry itself, but it was usually surrounded by water. In time, he and his wife became accustomed to their isolation.

THEIR LIFE was somewhat lonely, but they found all the companionship they wanted in each other and were content with it. They got their food from the river and their fuel from the timber; the occasional sale of a turtle or fish supplied the little cash required for their other needs. They bothered no one and no one bothered them.

You have heard of Dutch housekeepers. They were probably as careful and orderly as Thomas and his wife. Perhaps it has something to do with living next to the water, but Thomas and his wife kept their place spotless.

Their days had a careful pattern to them and they depended completely upon each other to see that this pattern was not disturbed. They arose, they worked, they ate, and they slept. They enjoyed their life very much and they were happy.

They understood each other well enough and had lived together for such a long time that in the last years their conversation consisted mostly of commonplaces.

Once in a great while Thomas' wife would address him by the nickname given to him as a young man. "Now, 'Buzz'," she would say; or "Hurry up, 'Buzz,' eat that soup." This was considered a great joke in their household.

The soup referred to was the staple of their diets. It was made of fish scraps and vegetables kept simmering over the fire, week in and week out.

When his wife died, Thomas considered burying her in the river, but decided against it because of the gars and the turtles. He did not take her to town and the cemetery because he could not afford a lot. He finally decided to bury her beside the house.

He took a mattock and dug a grave for her in the center of the enclosure made by the rusting metal sheets of the old tank.

He was not a young man and it took him some time to finish and when he did and had buried his wife he sat down in the chair by the tank and rested. He smoked a pipeful and then, after a time, he got up and went to the river and set the snag-line he put out every evening. When he came back to the house he went immediately to bed.

A snag-line is a series of hooks on soft lead leaders suspended from a line. You set it up across a quiet place in the river and hope that catfish will come feeding that way.

The blue channel cat feeds with an up-and-down motion as it moves along. If it runs into a hook on your line it will give a flounce and then usually it is snagged by three or four other hooks as well.

A snag-line is a fine thing if you tend it frequently enough to prevent the turtles and gars from getting to your fish. It is quite reliable.

THE DRY SUMMER was very hard on the Southwest. There was no rain in some areas for as much as 80 days. And it was very hot. The corn didn't have a chance.

In Arkansas the Negro parents were beginning to wonder whether sending their children to school in the summer was worthwhile after all. It began to look as if there would be no cotton to bring in later in the year.

Around De Valls Bluff the rice-farmers were sitting tight and hoping. Their hope was that their wells would carry them thru. There was the dire possibility that they might not.

This feeling of apprehension was shared by the goldfish farmers in the area. They raised crops of goldfish for the market just as the other farmers raised rice — with plenty of water. And water was hard to come by that summer.

Unfortunately, it was that summer in which the telephone company brought to fruition three years of planning for a coaxial cable between Memphis and Little Rock. This new line was to be laid thru the conduits of Memphis, underground across Arkansas, and into the conduits of Little Rock. It was a big project and the telephone company had spent much money and time preparing for it. It did not look kindly upon the aridity of the season, which interfered with its operations.

But in some respects the dryness was a good thing for the telephone company. The rivers were low and crossing them was easier than it would have been in a normal year. It was the other conditions brought on by the dryness which proved harmful to their plans.

The right-of-way agents had been sent out in the early spring to obtain easements. They were fine fellows. If we cross your front lawn, they said, we put down a canvas and take up the sod in rolls and put the dirt on the canvas very neatly and when we're done, every particle of dirt goes back in its proper place.

The cable-laying was done by the plowtrain, in one operation. It was led by an oversized tractor on which was mounted a giant share. Two smaller Caterpillars went ahead of it on either side and pulled. The share on the large tractor ditched out an opening slightly less than a foot wide and about five feet deep. The coaxial cable was unreeled into this ditch and the ditch covered over by other Cats and 'dozers which came in the wake of the lead tractor. Under ordinary conditions the plow train was a marvel of efficiency and speed.

The other side of Forrest City the train ran into trouble. Twice it became mired for a day at a time, once in a rice-field and once in a field of goldfish. And one sweltering day the share on the large tractor broke and that stalled the train almost a week until it was repaired.

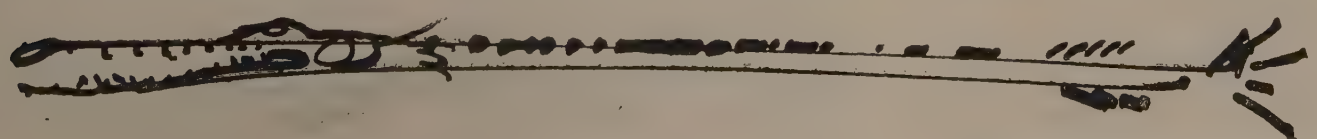
THE THING which seriously held the train up, however, was the obstinacy of the rice farmers. This was what was unfortunate about the telephone company's choice of the dry summer as the proper time to lay its cable.

Once or twice it happened that the plowtrain, in going thru a field, lost all, or almost all, the water in that field. Word of these minor disasters spread quickly ahead of the train along its route. Then, in spite of the fact that easements had already been obtained, it was not uncommon for the train to be met at the fence bordering the next field by a farmer with a shotgun cradled across his arms.

In some cases these gun-bearing farmers had to have it explained to them over and over again that the man from whom they rented the land had legally granted the telephone company the right to cross over the field and that the train belonged to the telephone company and that therefore the train had a legal right in the field. And most of the time, in spite of these repeated explanations, the farmers did not budge.

Because it is difficult to assess the amount of damage done to a field of rice by the loss of its water in midsummer, even if only for a day, the telephone company faced with some reluctance the prospect of a multitude of claims at harvest time. As a result, the train slowed to a crawl, taking extreme care of the dikes in each field that it was allowed to enter.

Nevertheless, some farmers re-



mained obstinate, refusing to let the train pass, in spite of assurances from the right-of-way men that everything would be well cared for.

So the train was forced to skip from point to point along its route, trenching where it could. One week it would be outside Forrest City, the next on this side of Brinkley, the next on the other side of the Bluff. Finally it was stopped altogether to await developments.

For several weeks it sat in a fallow rice field watching with mechanical indifference the herons in the next field feasting upon goldfish and frogs. The splicers behind the train were almost out of work and the right-of-way men ahead of it were being driven to the limit by headquarters in Kansas City. The telephone company had begun to hope for rain almost as fervently as the farmers.

When the train came to a halt, the only ditching going forward anywhere on the Memphis-to-Little Rock coaxial was just outside of De Valls Bluff in the timber next to the White river. There it was too thickly wooded, overgrown with scrub, and too uneven for the train to operate, even tho there were no fields to disturb.

THE DITCHING along the river was let to a private contractor who worked with a dragline. When the train was halted, its crew was sent to help this contractor.

The contractor had been at work almost three weeks. The cable had already been laid across the White river, on top of the mat. It was the contractor's job to join the White river section with the section paralleling the new highway, which had also been placed. The contractor had to work thru the snarl of the old highway as well as the underbrush and the timber, and it was slow going.

The crew from the plowtrain helped him as much as they could, clearing away underbrush and making themselves generally useful, but their heart was not in their work. In a way they considered the work beneath them, since they were all skilled tractor operators. The foreman had brought one bulldozer to the bottoms, and every morning the crew jockeyed for the privilege of running it in order to avoid the ignominy of working dismounted. Keeping his men in line grew to be quite a burden for the foreman.

The dragline operator had almost completed his trench after three weeks' work. All but a stretch of about 60 feet, part of which was up and over the swell of ground upon which Thomas had built his shack.

The operator had worked without haste and dug a deep and a wide ditch. Actually deeper and wider than was necessary. He had worked slowly. At his own speed that is, until the day that the men from the general manager's office in Kansas City came to the Bluff to look into the progress of the cable-laying. Then he proceeded even more slowly than formerly. He wanted no mistake made about the fact that he considered himself his own man — and the only operator between Little Rock and Memphis who would risk his equipment in the White river bottoms, even in a dry year.

But the arrival of the men from the general manager's office produced a flurry of activity among the train crew. They wished, naturally enough, to make a good impression upon the men from the front office. Preceding their accelerated work tempo there was, of course, a great shaking of hands when Management met Labor the first morning.

MANAGEMENT in the telephone company operates on the theory that they work for, and are part of, a great team. This team theory holds that the lowliest operator in the smallest exchange in the country is no less a member of the team than is the president in New York. Management accounts it a privilege to be a member of the team and has a saying which is often repeated in the offices to the effect that One Doesn't Meet Finer People Than Those Who Work for the Telephone Company.

Since Management rarely meets any telephone people other than those from the office, Management considers it an important part of its job when on a field trip to Meet and Make Friends with the Men. Thus the shaking of hands.

Particularly was this spirit of camaraderie felt by the senior member of the party from Kansas City. This man, Mr. Stanton, was a tall, well-built gentleman of around 45, head of the personnel department in Kansas City at the time of the trip to the Bluff, but being groomed for a position in New York.

Mr. Stanton made a special point of being friendly and cordial in his relations with the train crew, even going so far as to pitch several spadefuls of earth himself on one occasion.

Before leaving Kansas City he had taken the trouble to have it ascertained for him who among the train crew owned stock in the company. When the opportunity arose, he let it drop, man-to-man, that he also owned a few shares of stock and wasn't this delay a dirty shame? "We're all in the same boat, aren't we?" he would say. "We'll have to watch our dividends this year if we're not careful." This with a confidential, low-throated laugh.

The party from Kansas City had made its field trip to determine at first hand the cause of the delay in the placing of the cable. They had talked with the various foremen along the route, looked at maps and reports, and were concluding their investigation with a two-day stay at the site of the operations along the White river.

By noon of their first day there, the dragline operator had reached the bank of the swell on which Thomas had his cabin.

Thomas had observed the approach of the dragline with interest for several days. He would pull his chair in front of the old tank at the side of his cabin and sit there for several hours, smoking his pipe and watching the huge claw of the dragline scoop out mammoth handfuls of roots and dirt.

After lunch of the first day that the party from Kansas City was in the Bluff, the dragline operator began to trench up the bank of the swell upon which Thomas' cabin was situated. By two o'clock he was up the barranca and there he was forced to stop. Thomas was in his chair, quietly smoking, and directly in the path of the dragline. The operator could not continue until he moved.

The party from the general manager's office was standing to one side of the cab of the dragline in conference with the foreman of the train crew. The operator called to them and pointed to Thomas. The senior member of the party understood the operator's gesture and clambered up the bank and went to where Thomas was sitting.

Leaning against the cabin was the faded sign from worm-selling days, BUS'S PLASE, and the senior member glanced at it as he smiled and extended his hand. "How are you, 'Bus'?" he said. "My name's Stanton. I work for the telephone company."

Thomas shook the hand and nodded, not rising from his chair in front of the abandoned tank. The dampness of the bottoms had worked upon him so that he looked and moved as if he were older and more decrepit than was actually the case.

"Guess you'll have to move if we're going thru," Stanton went on in a friendly and ingratiating tone. "Comes pretty close to your cabin, doesn't it?" He indicated the path of the ditch. "But we'll have it back-filled in no time." He waited, but Thomas made no sign that he had heard, except to tap out his pipe.

AFTER A MOMENT'S silence, Stanton said in a louder voice, "I said I guess you'll have to move, 'Bus.' We don't want that dragline getting you." He laughed and clapped the elderly man on the shoulder.

Thomas looked up at him and said in a ragged voice, "Can you go 'round?"

The question surprised Stanton, and

he replied somewhat sharply. "What d'you mean?" he said. "We've got an easement thru here. That cable can't go around, the trench has got to go thru here." He pointed down the center of the enclosure behind Thomas' chair.

Neither spoke for several moments after this exchange and finally Stanton turned and went back down the bank to where the foreman stood. Two of the crew had returned from the river bank where they had been repiling rip-rap over the strip where the cable had gone into the river. They were perspiring and hot and the foreman was lighting a cigarette for one of them when Stanton came up.

He told them what had happened and the foreman replied that they should "shoot the old man and tell God he drowned."

After a moment's further consideration the foreman volunteered that the cabin was on government land and that Thomas was, in fact, only a squatter. This news apparently instilled new confidence into Stanton. He made certain that the foreman knew what he was talking about and then climbed up the bank and approached Thomas again.

"Listen, old man," he said, "we've got to go thru here. You'll have to move. We're not going to hurt your cabin, just get out of the way." But as before he got no answer. Thomas had refilled his pipe and sat smoking, relaxed and looking levelly ahead at the dragline.

"DID YOU HEAR me?" Stanton said. "Move. We've got to go thru. We've been held up long enough as it is." His impatience was causing him to grow belligerent.

Finally Thomas looked up and said in a quizzical voice, "If you don't mind, you'll have to go 'round." He seemed puzzled by the insistence of the man who stood over him.

Stanton turned and looked down at the foreman and the men from the train crew. He no longer tried to conceal his anger. "Couple of you men get up here and move this old bastard," he said. "And pull out these tin sheets, too." He pointed to the old signs which had formed the tank for worms.

The dragline operator had shut off his engine and climbed down from the cab to smoke a cigarette and stretch while he waited for Thomas to move. Now he came up the bank with the foreman and the two men from the train crew. The other representatives from the general manager's office in Kansas City stayed below. They were studying a chart of the White river and vicinity.

When the foreman and the two crew members and the operator had gathered around Thomas in a tight little cluster, Stanton repeated his instructions. There was a brief period of uneasy silence. The two men from the train crew did not seem to comprehend the order.

At last the foreman stepped forward. He grabbed Thomas by the arm. Thomas stood up slowly then, but he did not move from in front of the chair. It was clear that any man there could have moved him bodily. Still he stood there, not aggressively, but puzzled.

Stanton attempted to reason with him once more, but when he received no reply he gave up and motioned the foreman forward. It was then that the dragline operator intervened.

He spoke quite slowly but he kept his eyes fixed on Stanton's face as he spoke. He said that it was almost three o'clock. He reminded the group that in an hour they would be quitting for the day, and said they might as well quit now since they wouldn't get much more done even if Thomas did move.

He said that living alone for so long had not been good for the old man and that in the morning, if they let him alone now, he would probably be ready to move of his own accord. He said he didn't believe in manhandling the old man; it didn't look right somehow. He suggested that they drop it for the time being, go into town and give it a fresh start in the morning.

The senior member of the party from Kansas City attempted to interrupt him several times and he grumbled at the suggestion that they go into town. He was not used to having his authority questioned, but in the end he gave in. Not, however, before swearing that he was going to bring the sheriff out in the morning.

Thomas remained standing where he was until they were out of sight. Then he went to the tool shed behind the cabin and got out his mattock. He moved as if he were very weary.

WHEN THE TRAIN CREW, the dragline operator and the group from Kansas City and the sheriff arrived at the site of operations the next morning, Thomas was gone. The sheriff made a short search but could not find him.

Around the enclosure next to his cabin, on the side opposite the cabin, they found a newly-dug trench, about two feet deep. It started where the dragline operator had stopped his ditch the day before, skirted at right angles the rusted metal signs which formed the front of the enclosure, paralleled the side of the old tank, made another right-angle turn at the rear of the tank, and picked up the original path of the ditch with another right angle.

The discovery of the trench was greeted with much laughter. Then Stanton told the foreman to get going before the old man showed up. The crew pulled up the rusted metal sheets of the tank and the operator began his day's work. In an hour and a half he had trenched across the swell of ground upon which the cabin stood.

The Memphis-to-Little Rock cable was completed in time to handle part of the heavy Christmas traffic that year. But the men of the telephone company still speak of the difficulties they encountered in laying it.

Mr. Stanton is now in New York. When he speaks of the many exasperating incidents which took place during the laying of the Memphis-to-Little Rock, he usually brings in, somewhere, the story of the detour ditch dug by the squatter. As if, as he says, you can bend coaxial cable at right angles.

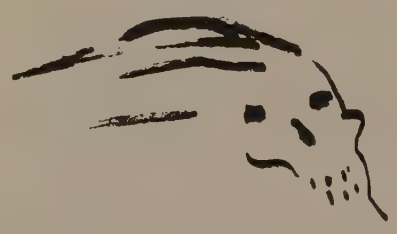
Sometimes he injects still more humor into his narrative by quoting, drawl and all, the crew member who said of the ditch that if a snake urinated in it he would float himself away.

But Mr. Stanton has many responsibilities now and does not often have time for such tales.

IN DE VALLS BLUFF they still talk of the dry summer. And they still brag about the fishing on the White river, altho the year after the dry summer an eight-foot, 190-pound gar was caught at Stuttgart. This still holds the record for size and Stuttgart is not even on the White river.

Sometimes in the Bluff, when the dry summer is brought up someone mentions the cable-laying that year. Whenever this is touched upon, the talk gravitates to the digging up of the woman's body next to Thomas' cabin. One who spoke to someone who was there has it for a fact that the claw sheared her in two just at the chest. They agree in the Bluff that it was a terrible thing.

But since Thomas is no longer seen by residents of the Bluff, and hasn't been since the afternoon he stopped the dragline, the indignation is usually short-lived. To change the subject there is always the latest twist to fishing. Some of the natives go out at night now with a flashlight fastened to their boat. The goggle-eyes, in jumping at the light, flop right into the boat.



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(Signed) MAURICE ENGLISH

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1954.

Elwood A. Basche

(Seal) (My commission expires February 24, 1955)

Portfolio

Taking poetic liberties with common subjects near his North Side studio, Chicago artist Copeland Burg evolves city-scapes such as this, remarkable for their gentle, haunting color schemes and economy of means. The painting may be seen at Frank Ryan's gallery, 1653 n. Wells st., where the artist's recent work is on display during the month of November. The show also includes paintings and drawings of garden subjects and trees, as well as several highly simplified ink line nudes — the last named a new departure for the veteran artist.

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21 Eroicas

by James Cunningham and Robert Oakes Jordan

Perhaps the most remarkable cultural event of the last decade is the long playing record — and the end is by no means yet. Ten years ago serious music was recorded by only a few big companies, chiefly as a prestige item. In at least one case it was subsidized by sales of popular records.

But shortly after the introduction of the LP, a vast hunger for classical music began to sweep the land. This appetite shows no signs of being satiated, and the rush continues at 33-1/3 revolutions per minute, to the dismay of many collectors who find it difficult to choose between solvency and ownership of their favorite music.

The Schwann Long Playing Record catalog now lists 235 different labels, most of them producing serious music priced from $1.49 to $6.75 per disk. A choice of 23 different performances is available to the buyer of Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* overture, and there are 21 grooved versions of Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony.

Such variety is understandable, since about 140 different recordings are released each month. Some of them are works exhumed from dusty European libraries, composed by such unlikely people as Frederick the Great and Baldassare Galuppi. On the other hand, all of Mozart's 41 symphonies are now recorded, as are 65 of the 104 written by Haydn. Mozart listings occupy seven pages in the catalog, more than those of any other composer. Beethoven and Bach are runners-up, with six and five pages, respectively.

No doubt there are a number of sociological explanations for this surge of musical interest, but one factor that ought not be overlooked is the development of the tape recorder. This instrument enables anyone with a few thousand dollars and a lot of brass to enter the record business. The only real necessities are a trip to Europe to record one of the many fine orchestras for ridiculously low fees (in some cases no fee is paid at all), and having the taped music transferred to LP by one of the big plants, for 68 cents a record. Distribution can be handled in various ways, usually at low cost.

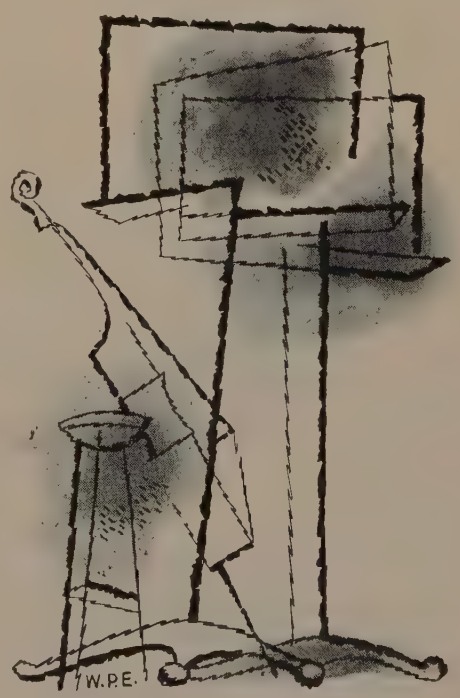
Hot on the heels of the fantastic rise of the LP, and perhaps another reason for it, was the thundering monster of high fidelity, known to its growing number of acquaintances as hi fi. Hi fi aims to bring the musicians into the listening room in everything but body. The long playing record has the unique advantage of being the only cheap medium on which concert length music can be stored for uninterrupted playback at a later time.

A good LP record can cover the entire range of tones or frequencies to which the human ear can respond, and with very little surface noise. However, this complete spectrum can be extracted from the record only with hi fi.

In fact, if a listener's fi is hi enough and his ear discriminating, he is likely to notice on some mediocre LPs nasty distortions that were not apparent when they were played with ordinary equipment. This tends to lead to the purchase of special hi fi records which show off the equipment to the best advantage. The next step is the acquisition of very peculiar LPs immortalizing trains and thunderstorms. Played at the right volume, these can give almost perfect illusions that it's raining cats and dogs or the Super Chief is passing thru the kitchen. Either impaired hearing or a broken lease is nearly always the result of this chain of events.

Another potential danger of hi fi lies in becoming such a fiend for perfection that even the best LPs will fail to satisfy. Then the music lover purchases a professional tape recorder on which to play back the new prerecorded tapes. This puts him closer to the stage of Orchestra hall and to debtor's prison.

Despite these minor drawbacks, LP and hi fi have, for the first time in



history, brought the major portion of two and a half centuries of musical culture within the reach of every man. And to all appearances, he is grasping it.

Here are some notes on recent LP releases:

The Damnation of Faust. Berlioz. David Poleri, tenor; Suzanne Danco, soprano; Martial Singher, baritone; Donald Gramm, bass. Boston Symphony conducted by Charles Munch. Victor LM 6114. Three 12-inch records.

This magnificent performance and recording should do much to enhance the reputations of all involved, including mad Hector of the flaming locks. Here is excellent proof of how the LP has brought to light great music which previously wasn't well known. On the old 78 rpm records a composition of this length would have been too expensive for the average collector. Ten years ago about the only parts of this music available were the *Hungarian march* and the *Minuet of the Will O'-the-Wisps.*

It is interesting to note that Berlioz was often called the "colossal nightingale," a bit of derision which classed his music as superficial, resembling some huge prehistoric bird which picks at the nerves and has only the power to evoke a shudder. Now the world can hear Berlioz as a superb melodist who needs room to expand; and this room is provided by the LP record. This recording surpasses the older Columbia LP.

La Valse, Ravel; *Pavane,* Faure, and *Psyche,* Frank. Detroit Symphony conducted by Paul Paray. Mercury MG 50029. One 12-inch record.

La Valse is perhaps the best LP recording yet released. The startling clarity and freedom from distortion make this disc a must for every hi fi addict. A note of warning, however: if the bass control is turned up it may damage the speaker. The formidable Miller feedback cutter has engraved every blasting note onto the record. Some may not like Paray's lurching, fierce reading of the music, but no one can doubt that it's a labor of love. Faure's hauntingly beautiful *Pavane* was scored for optional chorus, which is omitted in this recording. The *Pavane* is taken at too brisk a pace for these ears. *Psyche* is one of the least tiresome of Franck's efforts, and evokes some tender moments under Paray's baton.

Also Sprach Zarathustra and *Dance of the Seven Veils,* Richard Strauss. Chicago Symphony conducted by Fritz Reiner. Victor LPM 1806. One 12-inch record.

Anyone needing some impetus to get him to Orchestra hall need only listen to this record. Both orchestra and conductor are excellent, a combination which will leave the listener exhilarated and enriched. RCA engineers, who at last are producing consistently good recordings, have done a fine piece of work on this one, a fact which they readily acknowledge in the accompanying booklet.

Requiem, Verdi. NBC symphony conducted by Arturo Toscanini. Victor LM 6018. Two 12-inch records.

This is a good recording, considering the fact that it was made at a radio broadcast. Both the music and the conductor are so revered by the whole world that artistic criticism of any kind makes little sense. This music may never have a perfect performance, but Toscanini and company come as close to that ideal as can be desired.

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Spaghetti and Spinoza

by Richard Dunlop

The books on the shoulder-high shelves in the dining room at Fanny's in Evanston aren't cook books, nor are they novels or romances for the most part, altho the complete works of Robert Louis Stevenson are suspended precariously over one table for two. Most of the library consists of well-thumbed philosophical works. If he is so disposed, a guest can take down a volume and sample the Hindu Vedanta with his breadsticks and antipasto as he waits for dinner.

Fanny won't mind a bit, being a bookworm who gives as much attention to Lao Tse or St. Francis as she bestows upon her food. The food doesn't appear to suffer from her divided loyalties. The chicken, steak and spaghetti would not be out of place in the philosopher's ideal world.

Despite the excellence of the food, it comes as something of a surprise to discover that Fanny's is actually as internationally famous as it claims to be. The place is located at 1601 Simpson street in a decidedly unostentatious neighborhood. Yet on the menus of the Tre Scalini in Rome appear the names of three U. S. restaurants considered by the Italian cooking masters sufficiently outstanding to merit their recommendation. One of them is Fanny's. Leoni's in London also mentions Fanny's.

And, lest it be thought that there is an international conspiracy among Italian restaurants for mutual admiration of each other's menus, it must be pointed out that the Tour D'Argent in Paris also suggests Fanny's as a good place to dine.

Besides, anybody who has met Fanny will realize that she is far above such minor chicanery. It simply doesn't jibe with the philosophic life, for one thing.

It must be admitted that it is generally interesting to eat in the same room with a celebrity; Fanny's is a likely place for that. President Eisenhower has eaten there, as have Lady Guinness, whose husband is that well-known stout fellow, and a plethora of actors, musicians, executives and statesmen.

For a restaurant 100 or even 30 years old to have such a wide reputation may be nothing much, but on July 22 of this year Fanny's was only eight years old. Moreover, Fanny started the enterprise with a borrowed $4,000 and no previous restaurant experience. During the first year she catered to neighborhod people, served quick lunches and lost $1,800. Her friends and relatives were pessimistic about Fanny's chances, but Fanny, with two boys to support, was compelled to keep on cooking and serving.

Meanwhile she was spending her evenings until late into the night reading philosophy and stirring a bubbling pan of sauce. Always there was the sauce, altho its ingredients kept changing. Fanny wanted to create a dish that was good enough to lift her restaurant out of mediocrity.

An enemy of all synthetics then and now, she kept experimenting until at last she had what she wanted, a sauce with an Italian zest which was at the same time nicely digestible. Fanny's prospects looked up after word of her new sauce got around.

Even now Fanny does her daily stint in the kitchen, but the next thing after the sauce had been formulated was to find a cook that could help her realize day after day her idea of how Southern fried chicken really should be prepared. She advertised in the papers and came up with a number of impossible duds. This went on for a few days and she was quite discouraged, despite the inspirational lift she was drawing from her current reading of Madame Curie's life.

One evening as the restaurant's candles guttered low, a white-haired Negro came to the door.

"Ma'am, you want a cook?"

Bobby Jordan had an open face so guileless in expression as to be spiritual. But as it turned out, he could not read or write.

"I'm sorry," said Fanny. "I'm afraid I can't use you."

A look of surprised humiliation slowly came over his face.

"But," she wanted to know. "If you can't read, how did you read my ad?"

"Don't know nothing about no ad,"

Chef Bobby Jordan, whose skill and encouragement have contributed to the success of Fanny's, also invested some of his money in the restaurant during the hard years.

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Spaghetti and Spinoza

Fanny herself, pretty and peppy, talks to her youngest son over a cup of coffee. He is John Thomas Bianucci, 18, who left the University of Miami to come home and serve as assistant manager of the restaurant.

William Miller photos

he said with a sudden bright smile. "The Lord done sent me."

Prompted by her metaphysical leanings, Fanny hired Jordan without even bothering to see if he could cook. Anybody who has tasted the chicken that he cooks for Fanny's guests will immediately agree that she was right.

As might be expected, Fanny had reason later on to be a bit exasperated at having the Lord act as a placement counselor. This was true even after Jordan had literally saved her business by raising the money to help her meet the inevitable payment on the debt.

One day after success had been achieved and Fanny had some excess cash, she sank $75 into an automatic potato slicer.

"Ah's not goin' to use that machine," said Jordan.

Fanny lost her temper.

"Bobby, you know I appreciate everything, but somebody's got to be the boss here, and I'm it! It takes too long to cut potatoes by hand. Use the slicer or you're fired."

Jordan burst into a fit of laughter. "The Lord done put me here, and nobody gonna take me out of here but the Lord," he said.

Jordan stayed, of course, because Fanny had to admit he was correct.

Fanny was also very fortunate in her choice of a husband. Pump Room addicts may wonder what ever happened to Ray Lazzar, captain of waiters. Fanny, on a busman's holiday, dined at the Pump Room, met Ray, and now they share the responsibilities of marriage and the operation of a restaurant that is packed solid the whole week around. Fanny's, incidentally, serves weekdays from 5 to 10 p.m. and on Sundays from noon to 10. Reservations are requested.

One visit to Fanny's may take place on a quiet evening when the relaxed murmur of voices and the candles and the red-checked table cloths contribute to the enjoyment of the dinner. Another may find an evening when different tables of guests sing songs in the vein of a Viennese cafe.

"Blow the wind southerly, southerly," sang the late Kathleen Farrier one night. The great singer's deeply maternal voice, ageless as a legend, ran thru song after song, and the excellent spaghetti grew cold on the plates and the steaks went uncut. And Fanny, too, watched with rapt eyes.

But be the evening as it may, the metaphysical cook and her divinely guided chef will serve a meal of no small distinction.

Revels & jollity at hand

Beginning when the melodic Bellini *Norma* overture swirls thru the Opera House on the first opening night of November, and ending only with the final elegant flourish of Robert Helpmann's cape ("Meet me all by break of day") in the Old Vic's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* — this month from all appearances is the pinnacle of the season.

It's unlikely there will be anything so newsworthy as a play unable to rent a theater. But counting opera and the non-Loop theaters and considering the inherent virtues of some of the revivals, it could become a month to hark back to.

The next three weeks may decide the fate of the ambitious and promising Lyric theater, which Carol Fox has willed into inspired existence. By now, it appears that the boxoffice response will be positive and eager. Whatever the financial and critical aftermath, Miss Fox will have earned a laurel by giving us a chance to hear Maria Meneghini-Callas and by her imagination in putting on *The Taming of the Shrew.*

Biggest thing this month (size qua size) is *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* which follows the Lyric theater into the Opera House for ten days beginning Thanksgiving. The production had a lucrative London year and is just finishing a well-attended stopover at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. It weighs in with 13 tons of scenery, a 60-piece orchestra, a ballet corps of 28 and 42 actors.

Some of the critics to the east have called it slow-moving and overdone, but have never failed to add that the dominant role of Oberon is achieved magnificently by Helpmann (who is a Shakespearean actor of some renown as well as England's premier classical dancer), that the Mendelssohn music is exquisitely done, the choreography imaginative and excellently danced, and the scenery and costumes fanciful and delightful. Moira Shearer, missing from last year's Sadler's Wells run here, is Titania, and as such is doubtless a thing of beauty if not an actress.

Director Michael Benthall has said the Old Vic set out to reproduce something like the great court masques of the period in which Shakespeare wrote, a scale on which *The Dream* has not been attempted since Max Reinhardt's extravaganza production in 1927.

LIGHTS ON IN THE LOOP include those of *Wonderful Town,* which won the critics' bids by default when it opened last summer on an otherwise blank scene. It closes on the 20th. Familiarity bred a less euphoric appraisal, but it kept pulling an audience. The dialogue parts of this lavish piece are relatively deadly, but every time the chorus comes on or Carol Channing tears into a vocal, it's a pleasure.

Mrs. Patterson, like *Wonderful Town,* has a star who had a big personal success in a role radically different from her present one. Where she could, Miss Channing has tailored the mannish Ruth Sherwood character to fit her own Lorelei self — probably the best thing she could have done. But Eartha Kitt in the role of a 15-year-old girl is somebody very different from the sly exotic of *Monotonous* and *C'est si bon.* This new play has a couple of fantasy scenes involving Helen Dowdy and Jay Riley, however, which snap it out of the ordinary.

The revival of *Saint Joan,* which, like *Mrs. Patterson,* has not yet shown its face on Broadway, is something to reserve seats for, being one of those plays which good production elevates, but bad production cannot destroy. This strong, satisfying Shaw piece comes here November 8 after seven weeks of a 30-week tour. The question of whether Jean Arthur rises to the role of Joan is not really answered by the fact that the houses have been full all along the road. But under the direction of Harold Clurman (who did *The Member of the Wedding*) it stands to be a performance in which the details will bear examination.

No word need be said in elaboration of *The King and I,* which comes to the Shubert November 23 after more than three years in New York. The ready-made Rodgers and Hammerstein public that awaits this piece will doutless give it a booming welcome and a long run.

And the Olsen and Johnson public, an even more special one, can watch these wildmen defame television in their slapstick revue at the Selwyn.

Just off the rumor list and definitely booked into the Erlanger November 15 is *The Fifth Season,* the comedy about the New York garment district, for which there will be a road cast.

One of the major matters for enthusiasm here is Playwrights theater, a homesoil group which in the past year has gained greatly in stature. These seriously idealistic young folks began with little or no backing in a dusty La Salle street loft, and suffered chiefly from obscurity until last summer. Then, during their Shakespeare festival, *The Tempest* earned a critical welcome and they gained a whole new audience. Their program for the winter offers art-literature plays as before plus, this month, *Rich But Happy,* a new satire by Theodore Hoffman.

Showcase theater in Evanston, another year-round resident company, has a bill for the winter that looks much different from its previous roster, which seemed to consist mostly of tried and tired farces. This month, the group attempts S. N. Behrman, Shaw and Christopher Fry. The latter are on a double bill which offers one of Fry's most engaging secular pieces, *A Phoenix Too Frequent* for the first time in this area, and Shaw's *How He Lied to Her Husband.*

At the universities, Northwestern continues to produce its occasional and usually rewarding drama school productions, and the University of Chicago, this year with Marvin Phillips in as director, has in-the-round (19th thru 21st) Giraudoux's difficult *The Enchanted.*

Selections from

"The Spoor of Spooks,"

a book written for

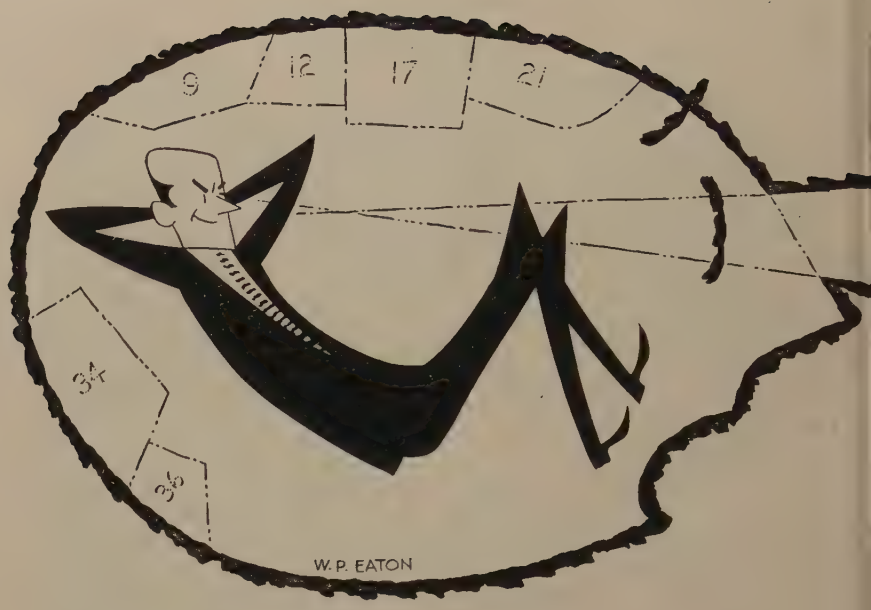
the skeptical,

the resentful,

and the iconoclasts,

to be published

this month by Knopf.



We are suffering, or enjoying, a period of unusual supernatural activity. Mysterious writings and rappings, rocking chairs that keep on rocking, wild rushings of the sun about the sky, roses that never fade, barrels that never run dry, coffeepots ditto, leaves that grow pictures, statues that sweat and weep, abominable snowmen, corpses that stay fresh and fragrant for fifty years, horses that answer three questions for a dollar, flat tires that repair themselves, monsters and sea serpents, half-ton stones that drag themselves across deserts, ghostly hitchhikers who suddenly disappear and are later discovered to have been persons long dead—in news stories, in table talk, in radio and television interviews, from pulpit, press, rostrum, forum, microphone, street corner, classroom, bar, and parlor, these stories descend upon us in an uninterrupted stream. (Every item listed in this paragraph has been presented within the past ten years, as a fact, in the newspapers and newsmagazines.)

Ghosts are good for half a column any day the rapists are resting. In the old days you could always know them because they smelled — "sulphurious," Sir Thomas Browne says they were. Of course, up until about a hundred years ago everyone was more or less sulphurious, but spooks gave off enough sulphur and carbon dioxide to make candles burn dim or even go out. Angels gave off "ambrosial" odors, and certain ambiguous spirits were difficult to classify because of the undefinable nature of their aromas. John Aubrey tells us that an apparition was seen at Cirencester in 1670 which upon "being demanded, whether a good spirit or a bad? returned no answer, but disappeared with a curious perfume and a most melodious twang."

Naturally they are identified today by more scientific means. In January, 1950, the BBC sought to televise Catherine Howard's ghost in the "haunted gallery" of Hampton Court, taking along, for reasons known only to spookologists, a special infra-red spotlight. But the royal apparition did not appear. *Life* had better luck, in May, 1953, when it procured for its readers an actual photograph of the ghost of France's Unknown Soldier, "a white, ghostly face" which "slowly formed in the flame" of the eternal light which, according to *Life*, is thriftily rekindled every evening over the grave under the Arc de Triomphe. The close-up view, which the editors supplied, showed something resembling a baboon's skull and raised conjecture as to whether a patriotic simian had not slipped by a lenient draft board.

SOMETIMES THE LACK of a photograph serves as well as the possession of one. Ectoplasm, a sort of etherealized bubble gum, has often been photographed coming out of the mouths of mediums as proof that the spirit world exists. But sometimes a spirit is revealed by the fact that he does *not* photograph—negative evidence, as it were. Someone encounters a mysterious stranger. He seems normal in all respects and yet there is "something" about him which arouses a little uneasiness. He makes a prophecy which turns out to be true, or it is discovered later that at the time of the meeting he had actually been dead for some time. In the course of the meeting someone had snapped a photograph of the group. It is developed — and lo! the mysterious one simply isn't there.

This seems to be the modern or "scientific" form of the old belief that spirits cast no shadow. As they almost always assumed a human guise in

by BERGEN EVANS

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their earthly visitations, especially when they were up to no good, it was important to spot them, and this translucence was an absolute giveaway.

It was one of the infallible tests for the Devil, tho few could have applied it; for, despite a great deal of talk about him, actual appearances of Satan have been exceedingly rare, and very little is known about him. Tho there are many allusions to him in the Bible, he makes only two personal appearances in its pages, and those not very lengthy. So that the nine-page interview with him which appeared in *Life* early in 1948 must not only constitute one of the greatest scoops of all time but must also set some sort of record for the kind of otherwise-unknowable information which that humorous publication bestows so generously upon its readers.

Mr. Whittaker Chambers, then an editor of *Time*, had interviewed Satan for *Life* on the preceding New Year's Eve. He had encountered the Devil where any rustic moralist would have expected to find him, in a "swank" New York night club, and had found him — as he had been conceived since the days of the mystery plays, when he was often made to speak upper-class Norman French — an urbane gentleman. The forked tail and the cloven hoof were, as always, discreetly concealed, and his general appearance was simply that of any well-dressed habitue of such a place. (Until quite recently Satan was usually pictured in a silk hat and an opera cape. Most villains were wealthy and upper class, possibly because the rich are a fairly good-humored minority, possibly because their having money gave them the power to do all the wicked things the poor would like to do.) The most striking detail was that his eyes were "certainly not the eyes of a Yale man."

THIS IS PUZZLING, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Chambers, a Columbia man, did not indicate the significance of the phrase, or at least clear it with Mr. William Buckley, Jr. Perhaps Mr. Chambers intended it as an oblique compliment to his employer, a Yale man; but, if so, he immediately cleared himself from any possible charge of sycophancy by having the Devil indicate Rockefeller Center (where both *Life* and *Time* are published) as his particular province.

Since the Devil so rarely appears to a literate person any more, it is to be regretted that this interview did not produce more original information. It is interesting, however, to learn from Satan's own lips that the moral degradation of the modern world really began with the publication of Newton's *Principia*, that "rationalism, liberalism and universal compulsory education" have been the chief instruments of evil, and that the theory of organic evolution has been one of the Devil's "sublimest strokes."

Not everyone, of course, has Mr. Chambers's opportunity of thus confirming the prejudices of the ignorant, and millions who share his basic convictions would still squirm a little at confessing that they had actually seen Lucifer and had a martini with him. *Their* contribution to a muddying of minds is to relate some remarkable instance of clairvoyance or tell of some famous fortune-teller or lost-article finder and, shaking their heads, say that they just don't understand it. They speak solemnly of prophecies, tell of those who have seen the Hindu rope trick performed, and wonder whether dowsing is, at bottom, radioactivity or merely clairvoyance.

One of the mainstays of the "there might be something to it" crowd is

Nostradamus, a sixteenth-century French astrologer who published a volume of ambiguously worded prophecies in 1555. From time to time it is claimed that some event has borne out one of his prophecies, and there is a great deal of ah-ing and moo-ing among those who like to ah and moo. "I am not a spiritualist," Mary Roberts Rinehart wrote in her autobiography, "but, after all, what about Nostradamus?" And the *Reader's Digest* reprinted this section of her book under the heading "Things I Can't Explain."

Well, there are a lot things that no one can explain, and, usually, the more you know, the less you can explain, but because the wise profess to be ignorant the profession of ignorance doesn't necessarily indicate that one is wise. Some things about Nostradamus can be explained or at least examined, but such examinations take months of hard work, and it is easier — and immensely more profitable — to be mystified. Mr. L. Sprague de Camp, a man of immense knowledge and indefatigable energy, once took the time to check up on Nostradamus the hard way and came up with some interesting facts. In the first place, he found that there were many Nostradamuses — some twenty in all — the name having become a generic term for prophets. From their works, as best he could (for their syntax often made it hard to determine what was intended to be a separate, single prophecy), he extracted 449 predictions. Of these 18 have definitely proved to be false. That is, events have turned out the exact opposite of Nostradamus's predictions in that many instances. Forty-one have been fulfilled, but most of these were worded in such a way that they had an even chance of fulfillment anyway. Events alluded to in the other 390 cannot be identified with anything that has yet happened. They *may* be verified someday, but for the first three hundred years Nostradamus's average of success as a prophet is considerably below what he would have attained by flipping a coin.

Dixon Wecter, by the way, made a similar analysis of those "inside" news tips which "confidential news letter" services offer to credulous tycoons. These were easier to check on because they must refer to something recognizable as a fact and something, if the "service" is to be of any value at all, which presumably will take place within the subscriber's lifetime. In the world of prognosticating, such restrictions are severe impediments and the pundits did what they could with "if's" and "unless's." But to no avail. They, too, were right less than half the time and their subscribers would also have done better to flip a coin.

Predictions, of course, are where you find them, and success as a foreteller is based on a naive selection of something that has happened from among a mass of things that haven't, the clever interpretation of ambiguities, or a brazen announcement of the inevitable. An amusing mixture of the first and last of these was supplied by the New York *Daily News's* amazement, when President Truman relieved General MacArthur of his command, in April, 1951, at the "almost uncanny accuracy" of their astrologer, Marion Drew, who had boldly predicted, only four months before, that the general would encounter "strong criticism in March or April." It was a fairly safe bet during the whole last ten years of General MacArthur's military career that he would encounter strong criticism any month of the year, and after his defeat at the Yalu river even an astrologer was safe in assuming there would be some grumbling.

Superman

If the Hero is the great figure of the past, the leader is the great figure of the present. The world has never had more leaders. There used to be a pretense that leadership grew out of merit, that the most capable men put aside their personal interests and, for the common good, assumed the burden of directing affairs. There is no such nonsense any more. Leadership is now regarded as a trade to which any brisk lad, unsuited to other occupations, may be apprenticed. It's a poor college that doesn't offer at least half a dozen courses in the training of executives. Entrance blanks always ask if the applicant is a "leader" or a "follower," and leave no doubt that the former is desirable.

It may be doubted, however, that it is. There is no necessary connection between the desire to lead and the ability to lead, and even less between the ability to lead and the ability to lead somewhere that will be to the advantage of those led. "A craving for public attention," as has been pointed out, "is not in any sense a qualification for public responsibility." Leadership is more likely to be assumed by the aggressive than by the able, and those who scramble to the top are more often motivated by their own inner torments than by any demand for their guidance. The urge to leadership, says Dr. C. S. Bluemel, in his study of nervous and mental diseases, "is a psychopathic trait that seldom associates itself with judgment or wisdom." Dr. Bluemel found that the broadcasts of the national political conventions disrupted the decorum of his insane asylum, and felt it necessary to silence the radio during the elections in order to protect his patients.

Certainly our acceptance of "leadership" as a profession in itself, the "managerial revolution," as it has been called, has had some alarming effects and portends worse. Legislators who are of even average intelligence stand out among their colleagues. Many governors and senators have to be seen to be believed. A cultured college president has become as much a rarity as a literate newspaper publisher. A financier interested in economics is as exceptional as a labor leader interested in the labor movement. For the most part, our leaders are merely following out in front; they do but marshal us the way that we were going.

There is thought to be an ability called "leadership," apart from a particular eminence or power of guidance, which enables those who have it to direct anything. And it is felt that the demonstration of this power in any activity is assurance that it can be exercised in all activities. It does not seem to be recognized that the qualities making for leadership under one set of circumstances might be impediments to even average performance under another. Military success, in particular, is achieved under conditions so different from those of civilian life that it is extremely dangerous to assume that a great military leader will make a great civil leader. Psychological studies of soldiers during World War II, particularly of aviators, suggested that many of the traits that made a good leader in combat might be definitely undesirable in civil life, and, conversely, that one who had been a failure in civil life might, for the very reasons that made him a failure, make a successful military leader. Cromwell, Grant, and Hitler were all failures until war or its aftermath gave their genius its chance. It was not for nothing that the officer's trench coat became the symbol of the malcontent between World Wars I and II.

The moan of hormones

Love will unerringly single out the one perfect mate in the whole world and make his or her identity known in a soul-shaking flash of perception. Such is the romantic credo, with its article of love at first sight.

That there is such a thing as interest or desire at first sight no one can doubt who has spent two minutes on any city street. The pivoting of male heads at every rump that minces by is one of the great comic gestures of the urban scene. But those who believe in love at first sight would be the

first to insist that love and desire are not identical.

Those who do not believe in love at first sight would say that love often has its beginning in desire, but grows into affection thru association. Even maternal love, they might point out, has to grow. The great majority of infanticides occur very soon after the child's birth, before the mother has become, as we say, "attached" to it.

A very little arithmetic serves to dissipate the idea of "soul-mates." There are, roughly, one billion men and one billion women living on the earth. Assuming that the searching lovers have looked into the faces of ten thousand of the opposite sex, they have still seen only one hundred-thousandth of the available material,

an effort that in anything really important would be regarded as trifling.

But even that gives far too bright a picture. The ordinary young man or woman on arriving at the marriageable age probably does not "know," in the sense of being able to speak to, two hundred people. Half of these, we will assume, are of the same sex, though the actual proportion is probably much higher. Of the hundred that might, biologically, be possible mates, eighty at least will be ruled out by social and aesthetic considerations. The young are extremely sensitive to differences in age, for example. To a boy of twenty a woman of thirty is an aged hag, a girl of fifteen a silly child. A young woman of twenty has a slightly greater tolerance for men older than she is, but even less for boys younger. The young are avid for distinction, and considerations of prestige weigh more heavily in the matter of a partner then than later. Any deviation from the group norm of prettiness or handsomeness in a partner is embarrassing, any peculiarity of pronunciation or dress humiliating, the slightest blemish disgusting. Twenty out of the known hundred is probably far too high; ten would be nearer it. But of the acceptable ten not all are available. Some are not yet ready for marriage or are emotionally concerned elsewhere. It would be a fortunate youth who knew five acceptable and available girls. And a further, quite severe, limitation is imposed by the fact that he must be acceptable to them. Then it must be just the right time for both of them. One would think, all these things taken into account, that no would ever get married, and under the soul-mate theory no one ever would. But, actually, most people do, and most marriages prove more or less tolerable. It is apparent that, whatever theories they profess, most people marry just about the first person acceptable, available, and willing, and manage to get on somehow.

The law is not wholly an ass

The common man's remedy for all social ills is to pass a law against them. "There ought to be a law" is the infallible formula of disapproval; and judges, legislators, and the Executive labor mightily, in edicts, injunctions, proscriptions, directives, statutes, ordinances, acts, rules, and regulations, to meet the popular demand — tho sin and crime, often with assistance from some of the same legislators, seem to flourish as vigorously as ever.

This is explained, in the vulgar conception, by the existence of a parcel of rogues known as lawyers, a parasitic tribe that in some inexplicable way has managed to interpose itself between the ordering and administering of justice, where it deliberately obscures plain intent and creates, to its own profit, interminable delay. The common man has no terms of opprobrium strong enough to describe the knavish members of this group. They are greedy rascals who refute good words with gibberish, draw unwarranted deductions from "circumstantial evidence," prefer precedent to justice, and reverse sensible decisions merely because a word is misspelled or a comma out of place.

A plurality of accusations, however, like a plurality of excuses, often conceals the real meaning, and one suspects that the actual sin of the lawyer and the true basis of the popular aversion to him is that he is an intellectual. He is interested in classifications and categories and logic. He has had — however brief and blurred — a glimpse of the concept of justice. He is a champion of civilization against barbarism in that he seeks to have men live by reason, order, and custom, and, almost alone in our society, understands what is meant by the common weal.

Unlike the other two great intellectual classes to which the common man must turn in his hours of fright and pain, the clergy and the physicians, the lawyer cannot shroud himself in mystery or threaten censure with Hellfire or disease. The priest and the doctor deal largely with people made docile by fear. The lawyer deals largely with people belligerent and rash with anger, vindictive with disappointment, and aggressive with greed. That some lawyers have profited from the confusions of the law, have split hairs and made the worse appear the better reason, there can be little doubt. But there have never been enough crooked lawyers to meet the demand. No lawyer, says one of them, "has engaged in half the amount of procedural chicanery which clients would like to have exerted in their behalf. When it comes to sheer obstruction, lawyers have actually had to keep clients in check."

Aux armes, citoyens!

The war between Homo sapiens *and* Homo neanderthalensis, *thought to have been won fifty thousand years ago, has broken out with renewed fury and, at the moment, the forces of reason are scattered in dismay while the Jugheads advance in triumph.*

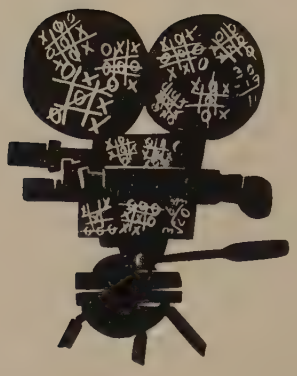
But courage, comrades! The situation is not as bad as it seems. A bull roarer is only a slat on a string, and behind those hideous masks, sedately capering, are merely some Old Stone Age gentlemen who, for all their war whoops, are in a dreadful state of funk. Wisdom must be militant. It was not for nothing that the Greeks, who gave the world Intelligence, conceived of Athena as armed or that Asinius Pollio, when he established the first public library in Rome, placed it in the Temple of Liberty.

We are committed to democracy, that "formidable heresy," and democracy is based on the belief that men can and will be reasonable.

Formez vos bataillons! *We have stood too long in sneers amid the alien scorn.*

MOVIES

FIT TO BE SEEN



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The Vanishing Prairie, directed by Walt Disney. A magnificently photographed retrospective panorama of the region from the Mississippi river to the Rockies and its wildlife inhabitants.

The Detective, English, directed by Robert Hamer ("Kind Hearts and Coronets"), with Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood and Cecil Parker. An episodic but entertaining adaptation of G. K. Chesterton's "Father Brown."

Sabrina, directed by Billy Wilder, with Audrey Hepburn, Humphrey Bogart, William Holden, Walter Hampden and John Williams. A lively adaptation of Samuel Taylor's play about contemporary Cinderella as seen from the chauffeur's lodge on a Long Island estate.

Rear Window, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with James Stewart, Grace Kelly and Wendell Corey. Peeping Tom Stewart, who starts out with one broken leg, ends up with two broken legs, Miss Kelly's admiration and the respect of the Manhattan police force.

The Cowboy, documentary directed by Elmo Williams. A loving examination of the West thru its humanity and realities.

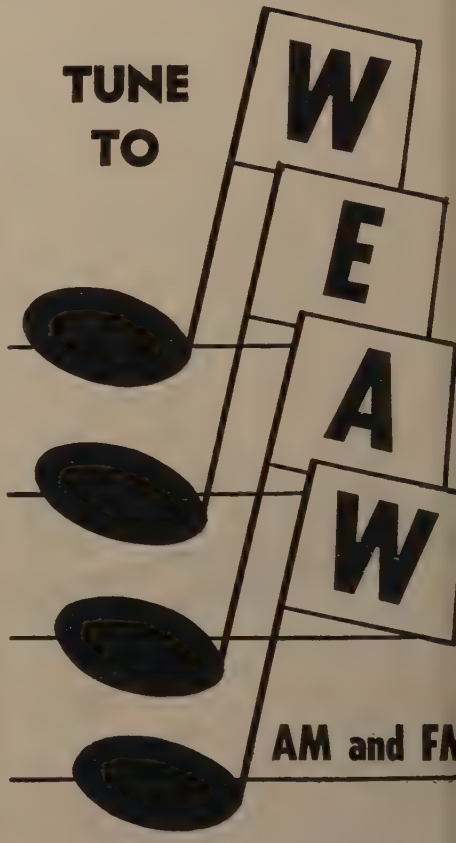
Bread, Love and Dreams, Italian, directed by Luigi Comencini, with Vittorio De Sica and Gina Lollobrigida. A bursting integration of provincial life, political folklore and sun-soaked sexuality.

On the Waterfront, directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eve Marie Saint, Karl Malden and Rod Stieger. Budd Schulberg's script based on articles by Malcolm Johnson has feeling for people and environment, but it is journalistic presentation rather than dramatic analysis.

Paris Incident, French, directed by Henry Decoin, with Gerard Gervais, Pierrette Simonet, Olivier Hussenot, Henry Cremeiux and Germaine Michel. A Montmartre souffle of "The Bicycle Thief," in which nothing is stolen and all is found.

Suddenly, directed by Lewis Allen, with Frank Sinatra and Sterling Hayden. A tensely and impressively acted and directed story of a Presidential assassination plot in a small California town.

TUNE TO WEAW



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a holiday guide

47 unexpected gifts

by Jeanne Phillips

There seem to be two prerequisites for creative Christmas shopping. Everyone realizes the importance of being earnest. And the importance of being early maxim may be overworked in putting Santas up before the Pilgrims come down. But after hearing about some of the unexpected, hard to think of, hard to find, and "one only" gifts that are being offered by the shops this season, the maxim might here be well applied.

Christmas is children. The grown-ups are dragged along by hems and coattails until finally, late in November, they catch up with the exuberant vision of sugar plums the kids have had all thru the year. Only the toy people seem to see these dreams that dance on the nursery ceiling. Then, about this time of year, there begin to appear in places like the Santa Claus Workshop (on Ogden avenue) big, shiny rocking horses, each one tall, complete with a saddle and dignity.

B. H. Miller of Miller's Toy Shoppe on north Michigan has for $59.95 a roller coaster. It's red and black and 30 feet long, with a wooden car that sits on metal tracks in 3 foot sections. It's not only an outdoor roller coaster, it's also an indoor roller coaster, or, an indoor-to-outdoor roller coaster for people with small houses.

Mother Goose and all her children are out in two new editions. The first is the lovely *Lavender Blue,* an import from Great Britain illustrated by Harold Jones in the fragile style of the early 1900's. The second is an American product, illustrated in bright, sturdy colors by Margarite DeAngeli. It contains nearly 400 rhymes and more than 200 drawings, one of the most complete editions available. Both these books, as well as those immediately following, are from the children's collection at Carson Pirie Scott.

The combined efforts of Margaret Graham and Gene Zion have resulted in a whimsical, pre-school picture story book called *Hide and Seek Day.* Not only about a boy, it also includes other species, like trains going thru tunnels, fish in the water, and people in doorways. *Where's Andy* is another hide and seek book, this one for beginning readers. It's about Andy who hides from his mother, behind her.

There are two new books about Betsies. *A Cottage for Betsy* is written for 10 to 14 year olds by Ruth Sawyer, Newberry Award winner, and has delicate illustrations by Vera Bock. A prince and princess go to live in a phantasy village called "Wind Off the Sea." It's a girl book. *Betsy and the Circus* is the fifth in

a series by Carolyn Haywood.

Hal's Toy and Hobbycraft on North avenue has realistic lions and tigers by Margaret Steiff of Germany, ranging in price to $25. Margaret Steiff is the lady who originated the teddy bear when, 50 years ago, she sent several small bears, stuffed, to a Teddy Roosevelt dinner in New York. An overwhelming response persuaded Miss Steiff to send a boatload, this time labelled "Teddy" bears.

For the extra-curricular activities of under-sized mechanics, Hal's has a 4" by 2" model of a gasoline motor. In clear plastic, the motor, complete with four pistons, operates on batteries and retails for $25. And Miller's has a $6.95 room-to-room, house-to-house radio station. The set has a variety of signals and flashing lights, all very urgent-looking.

Back to books again, Baldwin Kingrey has an Italian import written in child's Italian by Bruno Munari. There is an entire series, including such titles as *Gigi cerca i sou Berretto* and *Il Prestigiatore Verde*. The illustrations are big and good, with lots of flaps to look under and behind. They are reminiscent of *The Quiet Noisy Books* — and they sell for $1.25 each.

The Gilbert Hall of Science in the Congress hotel is a busy place these days. Altho many people have already visited this unusual exhibit (it's celebrating its first birthday this month) there are those who are still not acquainted with it. It's a browsing exhibit, set up by the A. C. Gilbert people, and includes a landscaped, modeled to scale, miniature railway, American Flyer brand. There are also running displays of all the moving models of Erector sets. A. C. Gilbert, incidentally, was one of the farsighted pioneers in the field of educational toys, and he is now being honored with a biography, *The Man Who Lives in Paradise*, appearing in the bookstores this month.

FROM CHILDREN to sound is an understandable transition. Our Aspirin Age is being soothed by hi fi. Often, husband and wife decide to pool ideas and resources and buy a gift for the house. A practical and time saving solution to many shopping problems, this co-operative effort is also the surest way there is to avoid the O. Henry fobchain-comb type of irony. What many who hover on the peripheries of hi fi discussions may not have heard is that phonograph systems are available for as low as $150 and combination radio-phonos start at $250. The people at Audio Workshop use a small scale Frank Lloyd Wright approach in assembling these units, and consider the budget, needs and interests of husband and wife as well as the design of home. Then begins integration. Component parts from both here and abroad include Thorens and Garrard changers. In the way of an idea, books and a hi fi unit can form a natural alliance in a bookcase.

It looks as tho television is here to stay. Zenith features a new set, Model X, with cinebeam picture tube, modern design and hi fi sound, in blond at $389. For those of the opinion that TV is transitory, Zenith handles a transoceanic short wave radio, portable, in black stag finish at $139 and cowhide at $159.

For gifts that will really register with a jazz enthusiast, and will be at least novel for a jazz neutral, one could try these: Among the progressives, the Dave Brubeck group has a new album on Fantasy, *New Sounds from Old San Francisco*, and Milt Jackson has a new release on Prestige. In the reminiscent way, Bob Crosby and his Bobcats have recently recorded again some of their famous standards, *Big Noise from Winnetka* included. And for the collector — a new, hard to find release on a Vox label by the immortal guitarist Djano Reinhardt is now available. Billy Taylor, who developed a large following while appearing at the Streamliner recently, has a new album, *The Billy Taylor Trio*, with Earl May on bass, a Prestige release. All are available at Seymour's Record Mart on s. Wabash.

Still in the music line, Carl Fisher Inc. on Wabash has an imaginative gift for that person interested in music who never got around to taking lessons. It's a recorder — the woodwind instrument that goes back a thousand years in music history, and was the original orchestral flute. It is one of the easiest instruments to learn to play. Bach, Handel, Haydn and Telemann composed for it, as have contemporary musicians. An interest in the recorder began in this country about 1938, gained momentum when imports were again available after the war, and has been growing ever since. The instruments are available in five voices and a variety of woods, from cherry to rosewood and ebony. Prices begin at $7.50. Fisher's carries both Kueng recorders from Switzerland and a Johannes Adler line from Marknewkirchen, Germany. They also have instruction books and music for the recorder, the latter published by Musikverlag zum Pelikan of Zurich. A small instrument, a recorder can be

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THERE ARE SO MANY distinctive gifts for the home this season that it's a temptation to present them to the hostess early, so she can use them during the holiday season. It's a generous, if not socially acceptable, idea.

Joseph Faulkner of the Main Street Bookstore has recently returned from Europe with all sorts of exciting new things in glass. In Copenhagen, Danish pharmacists use functional, sturdy brown stoneware jars on the shelves of their stores. Main Street now has these jars in stock, not for the drug store but for the home. They can be used in the kitchen for coffee, beans and other hard to store staples, and are handsome filled with tobacco on a study desk. Six to eight inches high and ranging from $1 to $3 in price, these jars are being shown in the Museum of Modern Art good design exhibit this year.

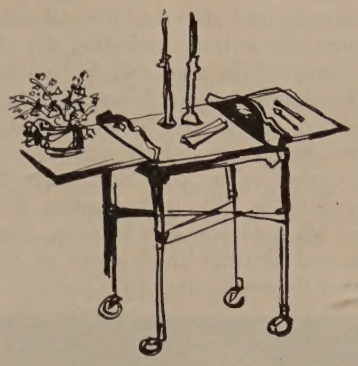
For the study, Watson and Boaler on Rush street has an exclusive. It's a Danish lounge chair that offers both dignity and comfort in black leather and oiled teak at $298.

Baldwin Kingrey has some unusual steak knives. Fashioned by Japanese swordmakers, these three-inch blades have solid cherry handles and sheaths in a flat, modern design. They retail at four for $4.

Kroch's and Brentano's party and gift center on Randolph street suggests for the hostess a carving set that comes from Sheffield, England. In stainless steel with a knife that never needs sharpening, the set has smooth white simulated bone handles and retails for $10.80.

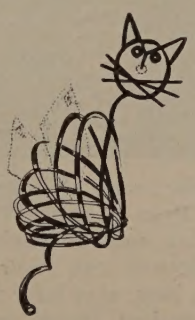
For artistic and meticulous cookery Baldwin Kingrey offers a bundle of Swedish stir spoons, wood scoops and whisk, nine wonderful shapes in a set for $5. These people also have a balanced weigh ladle, French, cast in aluminum at $7.50. For holiday hospitality there's a white casserole, two-quart size, with shiny solid brass cover and warmer, this at $10.

A king-sized Swedish modern tray in black mahogany or walnut with polished brass handles sells for $5.40 at Bordelon's on 55th street. Long and strong (8" by 32") the tray will rest between the arms of a chair for living room dining. Another item for informal suppers is to be found at John A. Colby's on Wabash. A rolling buffet with leaves that may be extended and



a removable tray, this unusual piece can double as a dinette for two or as a portable bar.

Bordelon's has a functional, inexpensive electric trivet in black with brass at $4.95. And from Finland they have brought simple, slender vases in clear crystal at $1.50 to $3.



Not just whimsy but an *objet d'art* is the handmade monkey in teak and beech from Baldwin Kingrey. This is a Swedish simian which will hang akimbo in universal monkey fashion. It retails for $7.50. Tiddy Tabby is an organizer with an expression to match her responsibility. She holds correspondence and can be found in black or brass at Bordelon's for $1.25 and $1.30.

For the collector: Jane Young, a competent Chicago craftsman, has recently created a series of cats in stoneware for the Lantern on Rush, with each cat retailing at $7.50. Also available at the Lantern are Miss Young's well-known ceramics. Some of her finest work is shell-like and unbelievably delicate. In the category of ashtrays, ranging from scatter trays to massive ones, many are spattered with drops of highly glossed enamel, useful and colorful, as well as distinctive. Miss Young, who has studied at the Art Institute, has exhibited thruout the country, and the Lantern has some of her finest pieces, ranging in price from $20 to $75.

Charlotte Aronson, another fine Chicago artist who specializes in stone-

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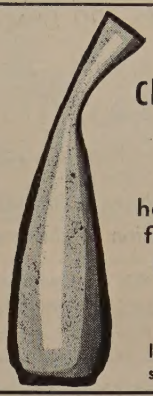

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STYLIST FOR MEN

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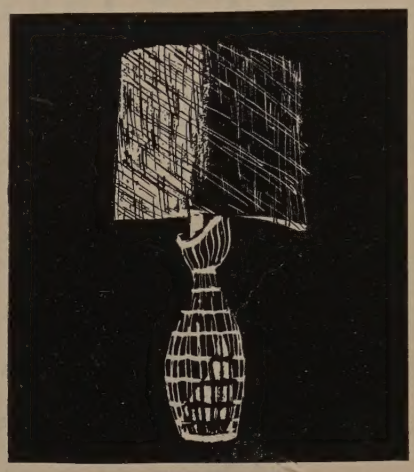
ware, earthenware and terra cotta, has items at the Lantern ranging from massive stoneware vases to fine casserole sets. Miss Aronson took her master's degree at the University of Wisconsin and she, too, has exhibited thruout the nation, including the Art Institutes of Chicago and Milwaukee.

Handsome imported ceramics from Florence can be found at the Main Street bookstore. These are unusual and varied, many with decorative figures done by the Italian artist, Fantone. Main Street, incidentally, has a new and distinguished array of well known Swedish glass by Orefor.



Within the realm of home furnishing, Frank Ryan on north Wells has a contemporary and wonderfully comfortable tilt-back arm chair. Also at Ryan's is a long, slim sofa, foam rubber, with walnut frame and nubby tweed fabric. This sofa retails for $229. Ryan's suggests a "go with": it's a ceramic base lamp, tall, with bright brown stripes superimposed on a natural finish. This at $31.50.

GOOD FOOD AND DRINK are a part of the aura of any festivity. Fine spirits have traditionally been served under holly, and are a logical solution to the problem of buying gifts for the business associate. Geeting and Fromm, importers and wine merchants located on west Van Buren, offer several unusual collections of the finest vintages, gold embossed and holiday packaged. One collection, for example, is called "European Cellarette" and contains six bottles of Europe's finest, including Niersteiner Domtal Riesling, a Rhine wine, vintage 1949 and Chateau Pontet Canet, red Bordeaux of 1949 vintage. This group sells for $11.75.

Incidentally, Bordelon's has an interesting cocktail shaker-pitcher in crystal pyrex with a brown saddle leather wrap at $5.95. It's designed for both hot and cold drinks.

There's a brand new place to Christmas shop for food this year. Gifts, Inc., at 211 north La Salle, was opened a few weeks ago on the principle that unique foods and beverages can be given for all occasions. Packaged in both Italian raffia baskets and champagne buckets, one of these unusual assortments would be a delight to the connoisseur, for the baskets include such delicacies as snails from France, antipasto from Italy, guinea fowl, squab, partridge, cherry pralines, brandy, wine, champagne and cordials. Prices on these packages range from $1.50 to $150. For its opening and for the holiday season, Gifts, Inc. is offering one of the most exotic of gifts. It's called a "Mink Basket." Retailing for $5,000, it includes a mink coat, two bottles of champagne, jewels by Schaparelli, and two vials of fine perfumes. Duplication is unlikely when the "Mink Basket" is given.

Season tickets are high on the list of ideas for the hard to buy for, hard

to please friend. These are still available for the fourth annual Allied Arts dance series at the Opera House. This season's program includes the provocative Jose Limon and company and the Ballet Theater. Prices for the series, with four programs after December 25, are from $4.50 to $13.50. The Playwrights Theater, which has gained such an enthusiastic following in the Chicago area over the past year, offers a season subscription which includes admission to four out of five "to be announced in December" plays plus invitations to studio productions and poetry readings. These subscriptions range in price from $5 to $10 and are available by mail or at the theater, 1205 north Dearborn.

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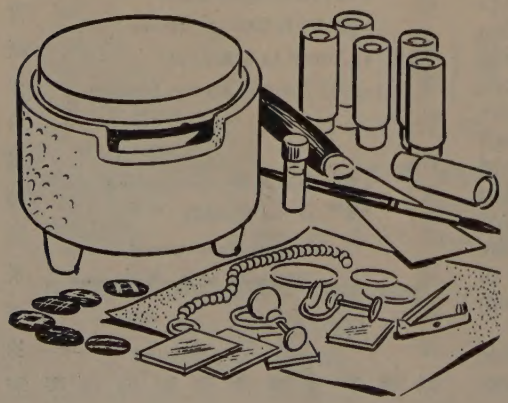

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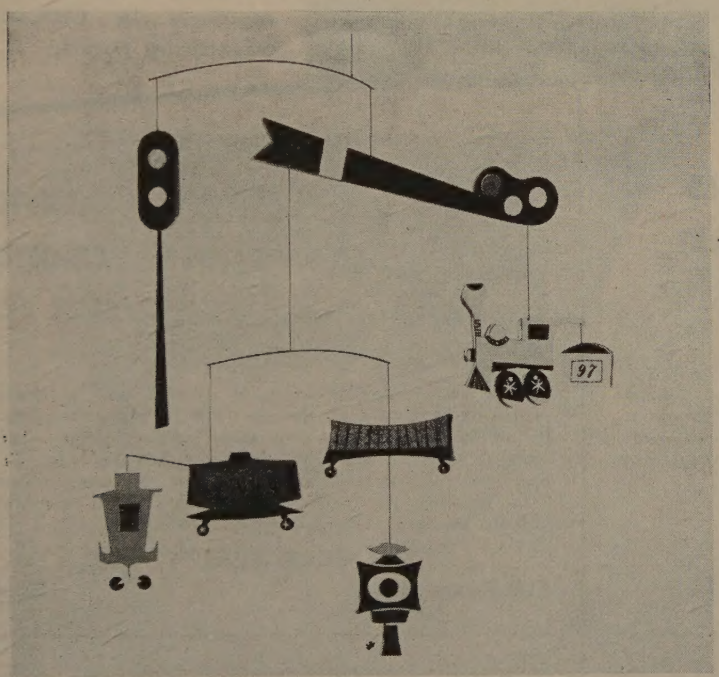
Six from the armchair

"By Mail" is the escape for a particular species of holiday shopper: one who sits behind a desk all week and goes home at night to dream Kafka-like episodes where November is chased by January with no Christmas in between, because no shopping has been done.

A His gift, available by mail, is the Lucky Dollar desk set. Silver dollars are embedded in black-lined bases of the cigarette lighter and urn. This handsome set is on a lucite base and holds an Esterbrook pen and an Evans lighter, the lighter finished in either gold or rhodium. It is $29.95 post paid, dept. CG, The Rutherfords, P. O. box 26, Hubbard Woods Station, Winnetka.

that gives maximum loin, ham and bacon cuts with minimum fat. Three weeks plus travel time should be allowed for delivery. Piglets are guaranteed to be vaccinated and alive on arrival. Not recommended for efficiency apartment dwellers. $23.95 each. Spiegel, Chicago 9.

And a complete circle back to the fledglings again. Saddle seats for those young ones who wish to ride instead of fly. The saddle seats are double stitched in leather, complete with conchos, leather tie strings, bedroll and bright saddle blanket. The saddle sits on sturdy hardwood legs, rubber-tipped for realistic mothers. $7.95 at Susan Smith, dept. CG, 9 Main st., Carpentersville, Ill.



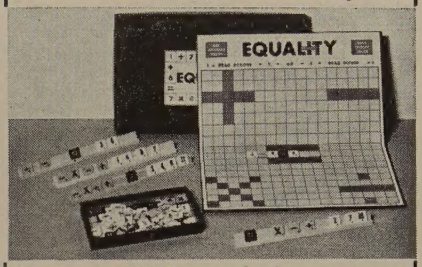
A Her gift is Royal Holland pewter which never needs burnishing. This pewter ewer stands 6" high, and can be used as a syrup jug or cream pitcher. Available by mail for $8.50 post paid, dept. CG, Gifts 'n Gadgets, 1452 east 53rd st., Chicago 15.

A family gift not likely to be anticipated is one which can be adapted to an old English custom or an old rural Midwestern one, according to the patience of the recipients. It's a 35 pound piglet, shipped by express. Served roasted with an apple in its mouth, it becomes fine traditional British holiday fare. Stuffed with a lot of other ingredients over a period of several months, it grows into a hog

The Pacemobile people have intriguing mobiles in balsa wood, felt and plastic. In bright colors, the mobiles have simple elements that will appeal to children, i.e., fish, sky, train, moods and dogs. They can be assembled by one person with an I.Q. of 225, or three with 75. They are $3.95 each, post paid at American Handicrafts Company, dept. CG, 182 n. Wabash.

And there's a handmade fire-engine red felt candy skirt with suspender top. It's studded with real peppermint candies tied on with white ribbon, and has a cornucopia pocket stuffed with an extra supply of sweets. Sizes 2, 4 and 6, $6.50 post paid at Rural Rags, dept. CG, Prairie View, Ill.

Have you played...
EQUALITY *yet?*



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Antique Reproductions for Children

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This beady eyed little character might have just stepped from a flying saucer or rocket ship off its interplanetary course. Wherever his home, he must find something mighty amusing about life here on earth — why else his knowing smile?

He has a slot just behind his antenna to drop coins. Space banks are sure to make a hit with youngsters. Durable mat-glazed pottery, 7" tall, with brass antenna. **$2.95 ea.**

Send for our new Christmas Catalog.

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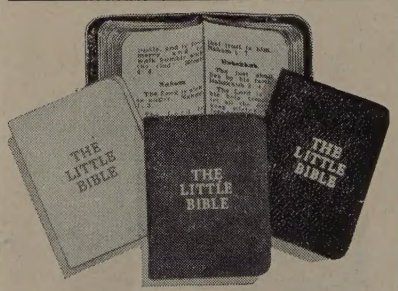

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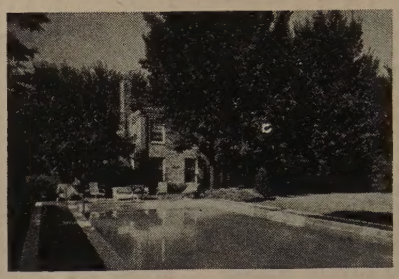

IN EVANSTON

Traditional Red Brick Colonial in fine neighborhood. Charming living room, paneled study, four family bedrooms, upstairs TV sitting room, maid's quarters, 4 baths, 3 fireplaces, attached garage. A beautifully designed home, extremely desirable at its modest price, $42,500.

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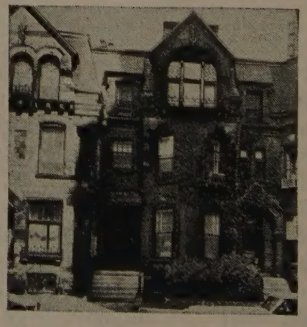

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